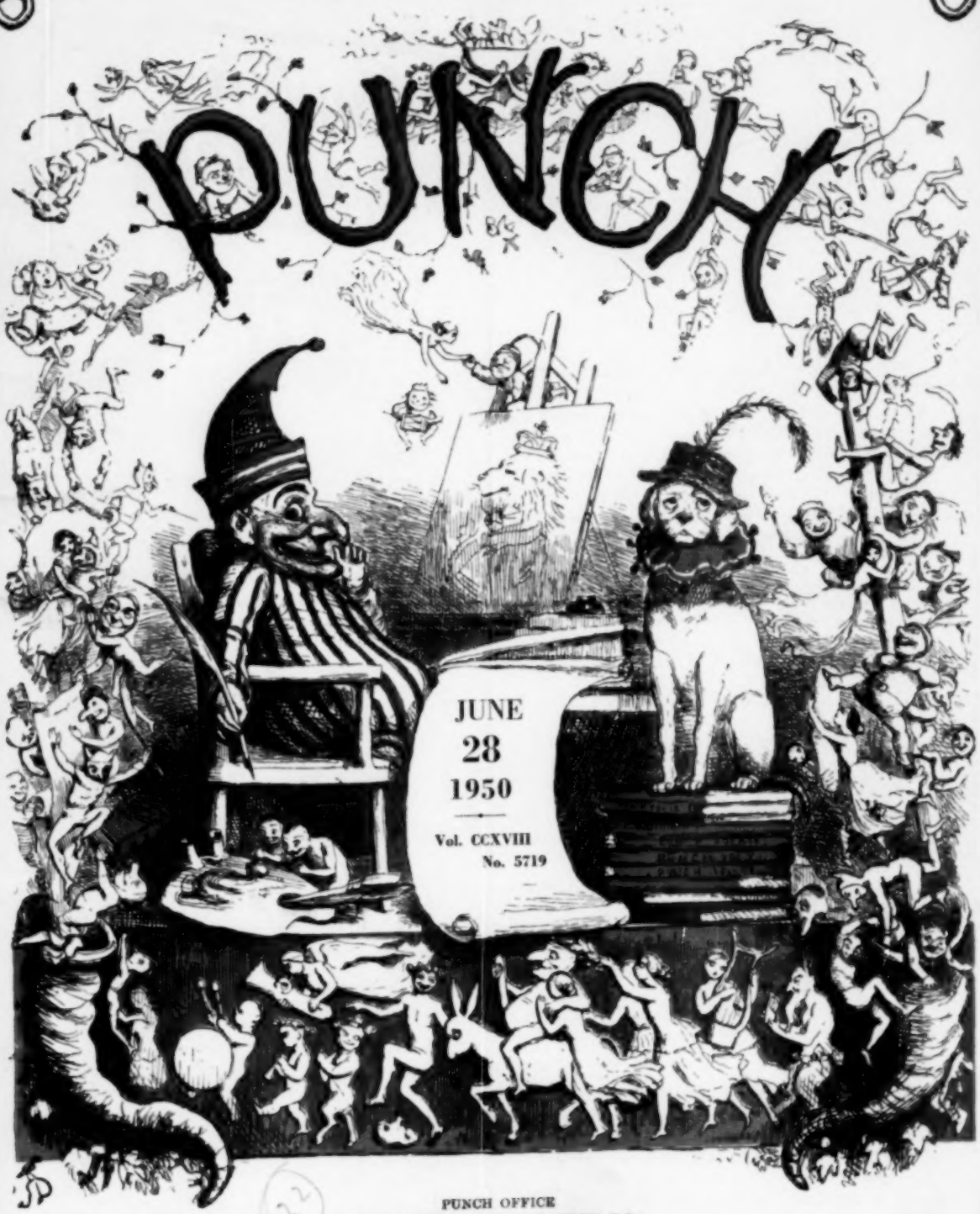
PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28 1950

6D 6D

PUNCH



JUNE
28
1950

Vol. CCXVIII
No. 5719

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Is it your beautiful morning?

Not if you went to bed last night with a neglected face!—To keep your skin smooth and clear and avoid the dry look that emphasises wrinkles, you need Yardley Night Cream. Smooth in this soft rich cream until your face glows, then wipe off what remains and go to bed clean and refreshed. That's the way to light up your own good looks every morning! Price including p. tax 5/10

YARDLEY *Night Cream*

Enrich your Salads

C&B

salad cream

Sharps

THE WORD FOR TOFFEE

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
of Maidstone
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"

the man who forgot to order an

OLDHAM

The Battery with Power to Spare

OLDHAM & SON LTD DENTON MANCHESTER ESTABLISHED 1865

Perfection

We believe that the Belling Streamline Electric Cooker is the finest in the world. Beautiful in appearance and perfect in performance it is in a class by itself.

In operation it is almost completely automatic; the extra large oven and all boiling plates maintaining any desired heat. The oven is illuminated when the door is open, and cooking can be watched through the inner glass door without any fear of being spoilt. Your usual electrical shop or showroom will gladly give you details.

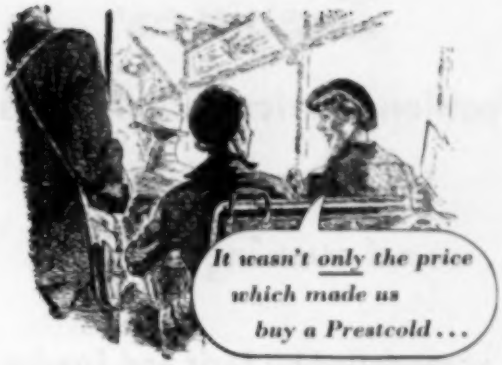
Belling

Manufacturers of Electrical Appliances of Distinction since 1912
BELLING & COMPANY LTD., BRIDGE WORKS, ENFIELD

CRC103

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE and at Montrose, Huntingdon and York

G1484



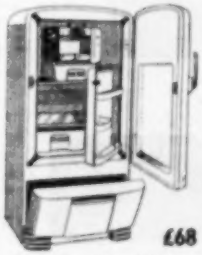
Mind you (she went on) a saving of several pounds is quite something these days, with money as short as it is . . . but price wasn't the *only* thing that mattered. We wanted the money we'd saved to buy the *best*. After all, we shouldn't be able to afford *another* refrigerator later . . .

So we had a jolly good look round before we decided—Ideal Home Exhibition, sales rooms locally and in town, models friends had got. It took time, of course, but when we'd finished there was only one make of refrigerator left in it—a Prestcold. Actually we got the middle size—what they call the S.472. A lovely design and finish, masses of room for foodstuffs, cheap to run and really quiet. And on top of everything, my dear, John knows the firm that makes them. And *he* says they make nothing *but* the best.

You and Bill ought to get one, too.

5-YEAR GUARANTEE!

Every Prestcold Domestic Refrigerator is powered by the exclusive 'Presmetic' hermetically sealed unit which carries a 5-year guarantee for your protection!



£68
plus £17. 0. 7 tax

Illustrated on the left is family model S-472 net capacity 4.7 cu. ft., incorporating the 'Prestador' inner door for extra food storage. Price £68 plus £17. 0. 7 tax. Also available in the table-top model S.311 net capacity 3.1 cu. ft. for the smaller home. Price £48 plus £11. 19. 2 tax.

Both made by the largest manufacturers of automatic refrigerators in Britain.

PRESTCOLD
REFRIGERATORS

the best — at the lowest cost!

In addition there is a comprehensive range of Prestcold equipment for commercial use. Full details on request.

PRODUCT OF PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

Jacqmar

Fashion fabrics at their finest for cocktail and evening dresses

as modelled by Paris and London Haute Couture

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16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

Don't let *these eyes* . . .

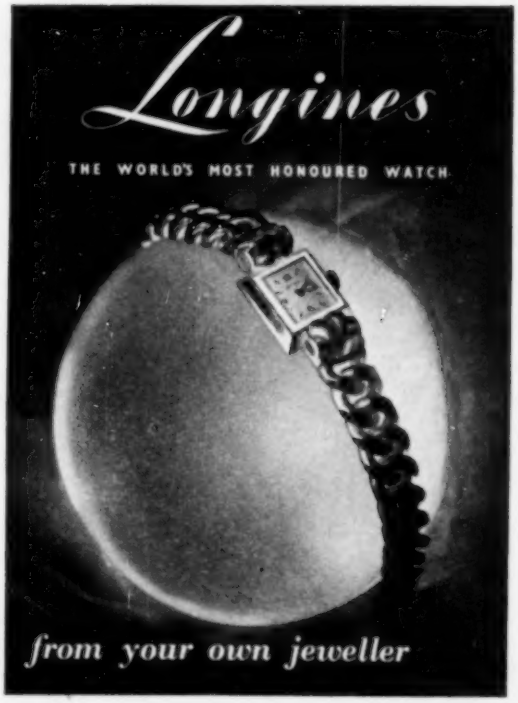
become these . . .

Your skill—and pleasure—at sport depend so *very* much on your eyes. Properly tended they will do much to help you to *enjoy life to the full.* If you have some minor trouble such as simple eye-strain or conjunctivitis, etc., use Optrex. It is so safe and so pleasant—and so medically approved. Keep a large bottle at hand for all the family. It is much better value.

Buy and use the Optrex Eye Bath. *Anatomically designed. It fits your eye—and fits the bottle.*

Optrex *the* **EYE LOTION**

2/6 · 4/4½ · 10/-



BAUME AND COMPANY · LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

beyond compare

AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S SHOWROOMS YOU MAY CHOOSE, FROM AN IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION, A RING THAT NEED NOT BE COSTLY, BUT WHICH IN QUALITY WILL BE UTTERLY TRUE. EXPERT ADVICE IS AT HAND, OR THE BOOKLET, "RINGS OF MAPPIN QUALITY" WILL BE SENT IF DESIRED.

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Diamonds · Emeralds · Sapphires

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LONDON SHOWROOMS LIMITED

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SHEFFIELD SHOWROOMS: NORFOLK ST.

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'INTERFLORA'

That Reminds me

INTERFLORA WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

It's Mary's Birthday . . . must wire some Fresh Flowers

A gift of flowers, one of the most delightful ways of wishing happiness, is even more appreciated when *telegraphed*.

Wherever you see the "Winged Mercury" sign you will find a good florist who can have fresh flowers delivered to your friends the same day whether they be just locally or thousands of miles away.

Ask your nearest Interflora florist for details of this unique and inexpensive service.

Interesting and descriptive leaflet sent on request.

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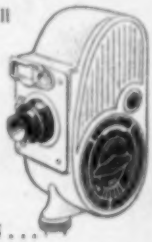
Picture this in ACTION and COLOUR

Only movies . . . your own movies . . . can give you *living* pictures of family, friends and 'high spots' of holidays and travel. Making movies is so easy, too, in true-to-life colour or black-and-white—when you use a Bell & Howell-Gaumont SPORTSTER 8 mm. Camera. Easier than snapshots—and inexpensive! You can take as many as 25 movie scenes of average length on a roll of 8 mm. film costing only 9d. for each scene—and this includes processing, ready for you to project! Your dealer will gladly tell you all about the unique features of the



'SPORTSTER'

—the most versatile 8 mm. movie camera ever made.

AND FOR THE FINEST PROJECTION . . . show your films on the 'SCREENMASTER', the perfect 8 mm. projector by Bell & Howell-Gaumont.

Bell & Howell–Gaumont

FREE BROCHURES on the 'Sportster' Camera and 'Screenmaster' Projector may be obtained from your dealer or from:

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Mortimer House, 37-41 Mortimer Street, London, W.1

A Company within the J. Arthur Rank Organisation

In sparkling waters — SCHWEPPERVESCENCE

in FRUIT SQUASHES—

Schwepperfection!

There's a quality about Schweppes squashes — a drinquality — you'll notice the moment you try them. The true-to-the-fruit taste of lemon and lime and grapefruit, the sweeter satisfaction of ripe oranges, the refreshing smoothness of lemon barley. *Schwepperfection!*

true to the fruit

SCHWEPPES FRUIT SQUASHES...

LEMON ORANGE LIME GRAPEFRUIT LEMON BARLEY

Don't be vague ask first for

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OBTAINABLE IN ALL SIZES

No finer whisky goes into any bottle

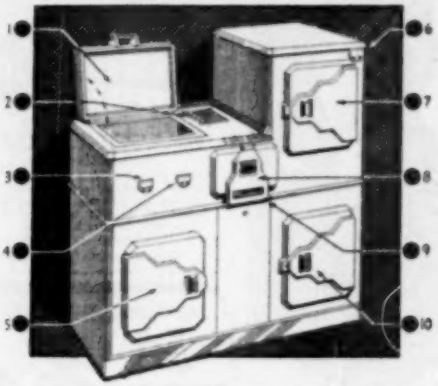
Uncommonly Good

even among Good Cigarettes

TWENTY FOR THREE AND TEN

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited. S.C.68

THE 10 POINTS OF GOOD COOKING



1, Rapid Boiling Hot-plate. 2, Simmer-plate. 3, Simmer-plate Control Dial. 4, Electronic Control Dial for Aux. Oven and Grill. 5, Cupboard space or 200 deg. F. Oven. 6, Control Dial for Main Oven. 7, Main Roasting and Baking Oven, 300 to 500 deg. F. 8, Auxiliary Oven, 150 to 300 deg. F. 9, Radiant Grill. 10, Cupboard space or 150 deg. F. Oven.

Thermolux

ELECTRIC HEAT STORAGE COOKER

The Thermolux brings you continuous and efficient cooking service, without the dust and trouble of solid fuel. The Thermolux is not affected by 'load-shedding' or 'cuts.' It brings labour-free pleasure to your cooking.

Full details can be obtained from our Approved Agents throughout the country—who will also arrange a demonstration—or from THERMO-COOKERS, LTD., 77 GREAT PETER STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1. (Tel.: Whitehall 7233).

For comfort with a *cachet*—

Fitted Carpeting

True elegance in interior decoration is born of simplicity: in many rooms distinction is enhanced by the plain beauty of fitted carpeting. Such an effect is not achieved by rule-of-thumb: it springs from a sympathetic interpretation of the customers' own wishes, a happy marriage of good taste and skilled workmanship. These things Gill & Reigate specialists understand to perfection.

Not for a long time has so rich a variety been presented; not only the soft voices of plain colours, but the patterned grandeur of Persian and other reproduction designs. The care with which the work is done is unsurpassed; it has been respected in the great houses of England for more than half a century.

Gill & Reigate are aptly equipped for any wall close carpeting: enquiries are invited from Hotels, Business Houses, Clubs, Shipping Companies and Organisations.

If you please, come and see

GILL & REIGATE

Interior Decoration, Period Panelling,
Antique and Finest Reproduction Furniture, Curtains, Fabrics, Carpets.

ARLINGTON HOUSE · ARLINGTON STREET
PICCADILLY · LONDON · SW1

Telephone: MAYfair 6257

Wool Wisdom through the year No. 2

Many a true word is spoken in jest.
Never was there sounder advice than . . .
Keep your wool on . . . ALWAYS.

There is **no** substitute for Wool

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat B.7

FISH *in Fancy Dress*

HERE'S an original idea for the next time you serve fish. Smother it in a thick sauce made with shrimps and peas, and you'll have a dish that will be a real praise-winner. For an extra-special recipe like this I do recommend you to use a 'Pyrex' brand casserole. This lovely glassware does full justice to the appearance of the food, and in addition it gives it a marvellous through-and-through cooking. And how it helps to be able to bring the dish straight from the oven to the table! Saves washing-up time, too.

PEAS AND SHRIMPS MAKE A "SAUCEY" DISGUISE

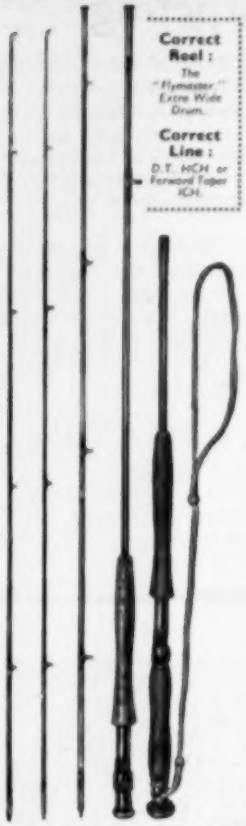
says Patricia Seymour

Now here is the recipe, approved by the Ministry of Food. Place 1½ lb. filleted fresh haddock or any other white fish in a greased 'Pyrex' brand casserole. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cook in a moderately hot oven. Meanwhile, make a white sauce with 1½ oz. margarine; 1½ oz. flour; ½ pint milk, and seasoning. Stir in 3 oz. peeled shrimps and 6 oz. cooked peas, and season to taste. Pour sauce over the drained fish and garnish with a few warmed shrimps and peas. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under grill. Fish served this way, in a 'Pyrex' brand casserole, makes a splendid "special occasion" dish.

REGD. TRADE MARK **'PYREX'** BRAND OVEN-TO-TABLE GLASSWARE

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland.

MILWARDS 'FLYROVER'



● In the last two years we have been able to spare a few of these rods for the Home Market, where they have been extremely well received for Salmon fishing in small rivers, for Greased Line work and for large Sea Trout. The two models of the "Flyrover" are powerful rods, capable of casting a long line and of playing heavy fish. When the extension grip is required the spear and screw cap are removed and the elongated butt cap becomes the male ferrule on to which the grip is fitted. Both models are made from tempered "Hexacane," have anodised reel fittings and genuine Agate butt and end rings.

In Two Models	*10 ft.*	*10½ ft.*
With Ext. Grip	*10½ ft.*	*11 ft.*
Weight Approx.	*8 ozs.*	*9 ozs.*

PRICE (each Models) **£12** P. Tax **54/-**

Ext. Grip (can be supplied separately), 30/- Purchase Tax, 6/9

Milwards
FISHING TACKLE
... a name to angle with !
REDDITCH, ENGLAND

Some people prefer

MACKESON'S STOUT

— it's a matter of taste

Although the accepted taste of stout is on the bitter side, many who take a heartening glass when the long, hard day's work is over find Mackeson's smooth richness a pleasant change.

Try it, and taste the difference !

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY **WHITBREAD** · 27 BRITANNIA STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Henry Cotton himself designed and recommends

LOTUS

Made for those who prefer rubber soles, Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

THE OAKWORTH

SEASONED OAK Greenhouse

Max. strength. Will not warp. Max. light. Complete prefabricated units. Erected on delivery. Wide range or specials. Deferred terms. Delivered free. Send for free brochure.

CAITOS LIMITED
Dept. PX., Wellington, Salop

180 MILES for 3½ .. or 5 MILES for ONE PENNY.

Ride a Famous

JAMES 'SUPERLUX' AUTOCYCLE

Built specifically as a power driven bicycle should be built, giving RELIABILITY, COMFORT and SAFETY but with the utmost ECONOMY.

● Dealers throughout the country will supply. Ask for full details.

THE JAMES CYCLE CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM 11

COFFEE

Fresh and fragrant, blended by experts for discriminating palates. Supplied to thousands of households throughout the country. Three shillings and sixpence per lb., post-free (smallest quantity 1½ lbs.), freshly roast and ground or roasted only.

TURNER & PRICE Ltd., *Coffee Specialists*, Horsham, Sussex. (Est. 1931)

KYNOCH OF KEITH IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, MAKERS OF THE FINEST QUALITY CLOTHS SCARVES and RUGS. KYNOCH of KEITH

Headache?

TAKE A COUPLE OF

ANADIN

TABLETS INSTEAD!

Headache, whatever the cause, is quickly relieved by the Aspirin, Phenacetin, Caffeine and Quinine in two 'Anadin' Tablets. They dissolve rapidly, and so ensure quick results, while undesirable after-effects are absent.

FOR SAFE AND QUICK RELIEF OF PAIN

Taking her out to Dinner tonight?

TONIGHT, when dinner is over and coffee is served, ask for Grand Marnier. Turn the deep glass in your hands and savour the aroma of France's finest liqueur. Taste it and learn its story, of patient years of waiting in the deep cellars of the ancient Chateau de Bourg Charente, of the skill in its blending, handed down from father to son.

Grand Marnier

The only liqueur made exclusively with Cognac Brandy

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS

British Airmanship

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

The past 31 years have seen not only the development of British airlines from the first London-Paris service to a vast network covering nearly 70 countries, but also the steady maturing of something beyond machines and scientific progress. Throughout Britain and the world this has come to be known as British Airmanship and already it has earned a significance comparable with that which traditionally attaches to British Seamanship.

British Airmanship sums up the reputation for skill, enterprise and reliability which in just over a generation of air travel has become inseparably associated with British airmen — something, indeed, to be proud of.

FLY BRITISH

ISSUED BY BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION AND BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Reading from L to R . . .

You may read the headline as political if you wish. For Hatchards maintain as fine a selection of volumes devoted to social and political science as can be found in London. But the greatness of this shop lies in the breadth of its appeal. Whenever anything worth-while is published Hatchards stock it. And if, by chance, you do happen to want a book which isn't in stock, Hatchards will procure it — quickly and without fuss.

Hatchards

Booksellers to Their Majesties The King, The Queen, and to Queen Mary

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Telephone: REGent 3201-6

that's a nice shirt . . .

When you are next shirt-hunting go into one of the better Men's Shops and have a look at some "Old Englands". You'll recognise them by their air of superiority and, of course, by Peter the jolly little lion. There are a number of discreet patterns to choose from and the prices — well, go and see for yourself and have a pleasant surprise. Good Hunting!

Old England

HOGG & MITCHELL LIMITED, MANCHESTER & LONDONDERRY

CHC1

Wimbledon

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about "the lost set". They are talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and really *think* about their gin drinks, always try for Burrough's because it is *triple distilled*. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate. Delicious plain, Burrough's Gin also "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Prices: 32/4 per bottle; 16/11 per half bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROUGH'S *Gin*

DEEPEATER

IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75, CALE DISTILLERY, SUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

ARE YOU SURE

YOU'VE GOT

THE RIGHT PRESCRIPTION?

With machines human or otherwise it's a wise precaution to make sure you put the right stuff in the right place.

Esso Industrial Lubricants are made to suit *every* industrial need and, to ensure the best results, Esso Lubrication experts will visit factories anywhere in the U.K. to advise, free-of-charge, on lubrication problems. Why not write to us today?

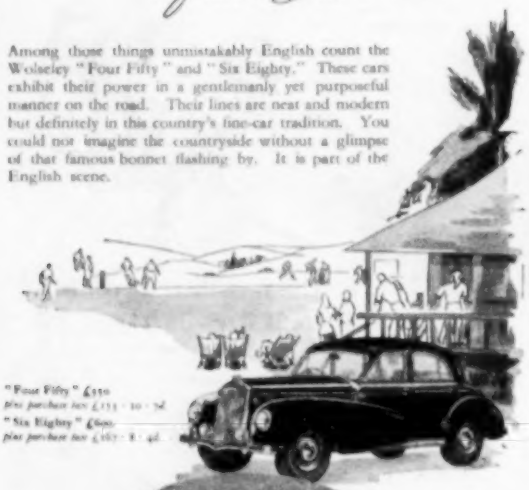
It pays to say **Esso**

INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED, 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

A Wolseley is part of the English Scene—

Among those things unmistakably English count the Wolseley "Four Fifty" and "Six Eighty." These cars exhibit their power in a gentlemanly yet purposeful manner on the road. Their lines are neat and modern but definitely in this country's fine-car tradition. You could not imagine the countryside without a glimpse of that famous bonnet flashing by. It is part of the English scene.



"Four Fifty" £550
plus purchase tax £153 · 10 · 5d.
"Six Eighty" £600
plus purchase tax £167 · 8 · 4d.

WOLSELEY

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD · COWLEY · OXFORD
Overseas business: Nuffield Exports Ltd, Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1
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Be sure it's a **SENSIBLE** *garage*

The discerning car owner will appreciate the fact that a garage made from the finest materials, built by craftsmen and designed for the user, is as the name suggests, a "SENSIBLE" garage.
With a strong timber framework. Covered with Asbestos Cement Sheets, lathed joints, perfectly fitting windows, and corrugated Asbestos roof the "SENSIBLE" garage is a "must" for all car owners.

Write for catalogue.

PHILIP STOWE LTD.

WILLOW HOUSE · CORNHOLME · TODMORDEN · LANCS

A Glass of Sherry?

Buy Royal Decree

This rich Royal Sherry—a wine of infinite character—comes from the famous Spanish House of Duff Gordon to whom was granted in 1772, the use of the Arms of Queen Isabella II—by Royal Decree.

Garvey's

Jarvis, Halliday & Co. Ltd., 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Player's
"No Name"
Tobacco

Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.

Introducing

an entirely new tyre with a deeper, wider, flatter tread which gives greater safety and extra comfort . . . plus . . .

higher mileage

For the first time in the history of tyre making an outstanding combination of qualities has been achieved in the AVON H.M.—a supreme design to withstand the severe tyre wear imposed by modern high performance cars. The robust construction, deeper tread and buttressed shoulders cannot fail to give far higher mileage. The wider, flatter tread ensures more positive steering and a 'bite' which improves directional control. Add to all this the comfort provided by its extra air capacity—and you have the finest tyre yet—the AVON H.M.

Make a special point of seeing it at your dealer's today.

The AVON H·M

HOW DO YOU MEASURE "SERVICE"?

"SERVICE" is a word that is used very freely these days — often, it must be admitted, by people who seem to have very little understanding of what it really means.

At Hoover Limited we measure Service — our own or anyone else's — by the extra care and effort that is given to the customer's interest *over and above what is necessary from a purely commercial viewpoint.* Service is attention to a customer's needs at the right time and at the right price. Service means taking as much interest in a customer's requirements *after* making a sale as when he or she is being persuaded to buy. Service in the Hoover sense of the word means providing customers with expert technical assistance in their own homes, offices, factories or anywhere else Hoover products are used.

In short, Service is to Hoover much more than a word. It is the cornerstone of Hoover policy.

HOOVER LIMITED

Factories at

PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX
CAMBUSLANG · SCOTLAND
MERTHYR TYDFIL · SOUTH WALES
HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

John's starting out in the World . . .

He's earning his living and he's got to find his own feet. What an advantage it is for him to have the Y.M.C.A. where he can meet his pals and join in the games and hobbies he likes. And what a comfort to his parents to know that he spends his spare time in a friendly, wholesome atmosphere among the right sort of people!

Many a young man entering the Forces or starting a civilian career finds lasting personal friendship and spiritual support in the Y.M.C.A. But the need for its service grows daily greater.

Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work.

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund; 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

Y.M.C.A.

Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

BUOYS YOU UP

WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY

IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

Idris is a real life saver when you're thirsty. Very refreshing and so completely wholesome. Squashes 3/- per bottle.

Swan Shoes

Regd.

Styled by Swan and fashioned by fine craftsmen. Swan shoes are sold at the better shoe shops and stores throughout the United Kingdom.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES LTD., NORTHAMPTON ask for *Health Brand*

CVS 182

Vol. CCXVIII No. 5719 June 28 1950

PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI

CHARIVARIA

SCIENTISTS have been mystified by a huge black cloud moving in a southerly direction across the Pacific. There is unfortunately nothing to suggest that it's the one that has been hanging about Europe for so long.

It has now been denied that the gardens of St. James's Square are reserved for the use of Ministerial staffs whose offices stand in the square. So ends our hope of adding to the gaiety of the nation with a joke about Civil Servants relaxing to the tune of "In a Ministry Garden."

We are sorry that a mechanical breakdown caused some subscribers to receive their last week's PUNCH rather late in the day. We also regret any inconvenience caused to wholesale and retail newsagents.

All letters sent to the Argentine bearing British Falkland Islands stamps are in future to be treated by the Argentine postal authorities as unstamped. It's a pity that we can't retaliate by treating all meat from the Argentine as unrationed.

More Official Indifference

"The Air Ministry this afternoon refused to guarantee fine weather for the big fight."—"*Evening News.*"

According to the *Sydney Sun* an almost-white race has been discovered, on the verge of extinction, on a small Pacific island. The women, all of whom are reported to be beautiful, are treated as goddesses; they wear white sarongs and spend several hours a day having their hair combed and dressed by the village boys. The extraordinary thing is that none of them has ever seen a Hollywood film.

The Changing Face of Scotland

"All Edinburgh's 40,000 odd subscribers have now been fitted with new dials incorporating letters and figures."—"*The Scotsman.*"

A man charged at Chertsey with loitering was stated to have held no fewer than one hundred and nine different jobs in eight years. How on earth did he manage to find any time for loitering?

"The collection (amounting to £00 0s. 00d.) was equally divided between the C. of E. Children's Society, Dr. Barnado's Homes and the Central Fund of the Empire Youth Organization."—*Parish magazine*

Fair shares all round, we hope.

"You could go up to almost any boy in my school," a headmaster recently told a teachers' conference, "ask for change for a pound, and get it." We hope some of them will become taxi-drivers when they grow up.

NOSTALGIA

I HEAR the linnet calling on the hill;
The air is balmy, and the air is still,
And I am still, and I am balmy too,
For I am sad, and full of thoughts of you,
Whom last I met in August at the Zoo.

But were there two of us, or were there three?
Who else was there, other than you and me?
I do not count the zebra, who looked on,
The Temminck's pangolin, so pale and wan,
The platypus that shrieked when we were gone;

Something was there; corporeal or wraith!
It was not Fervour and it was not Faith,
It was not Passion and it was not Truth,
It was not Innocence, it was not Youth:
It was Nostalgia, like an achin g tooth.

Nostalgia, sickly as a scented drink,
Stared at us sideways like a bobolink,
Crept after us, and followed in our track;
Now I can see her shadow, looking back,
And still she clings to us. She has the knack.

Here as I sit upon the evening hill
Pallid Nostalgia sits beside me still.
The linnet, calling, brings no peace to me,
But, like some raving spirit on his tree,
Recalls the lost and unregretted She

Beside me at the Zoo you sat and spoke.
Or were you talking to some other bloke?
Wherever you may be, I know your eyes
See that same dream in some renewed disguise.
Nostalgia tells you, too, her ancient lies.

R. P. LISTER

THE COSMIC MESS

NO politics, of *course*. This is just a partisan comment on a long-term trend. This column was disturbed by a remark of its brother-Wykehamist Mr. R. H. Crossman in discussing the "programme" of some Party or other at the next election: "To build the Welfare State we must accept as normal a situation in which the Government spends 40 per cent of the national income". "Normal!" This is disturbing, because "National Income" does not mean the profits made by the State from property or trading: it means this column's income added to all the uncountable readers' incomes. And the suggestion is that for evermore, peace or war, it should be regarded as "normal" for the State to spend 40 per cent of what you earn—eight shillings in the pound. True, it is to be spent in your interest, as a member of the blessed Welfare State. But the uncountable and charming readers will question whether the wise State is quite as wise as all that, whether the confounded State's record in spending money is much to boast about. It is really time for the expression National Income to be caught and put in a bottle. No one, yet, has gone so far as to add all the pensions together and speak of the "National Pension". If anyone proposed to "Redistribute the National Pension" there would be an outcry. If anyone said that it should be considered "normal" for the State to spend 40 per cent of the National Pension he would be regarded as brutal or insane. Nor would "Redistribute the National Savings!" be a very popular cry. But the part is included in the whole, and these two customs, it seems, will normally prevail in the Heaven ahead of us.

And what about the National Run? Surely after a century all runs scored should be redistributed among the "under-privileged" who have not scored any.

* * * * *

When a gentleman offers himself for election to the House of Commons, and, being elected, announces that he does not propose to take his seat, it may seem to some to be an impertinence to the British Parliament. It seems to this column at least that it should, and could, be stopped. Although the gentleman may not sit and vote until he has taken the Oath, Erskine May makes it clear that he is little the less a Member, that "he may vacate his seat by the acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds and is entitled to all the other privileges of a Member". In 1858, indeed, "Baron Rothschild, who had then continued a Member for eleven years without having taken the oaths", was appointed to a committee. But, if our gentleman has the privileges, he is subject, presumably, to the obligations and penalties of a Member. Suppose, for example, that there were a Call of the House. "When the House of Commons is ordered to be called over", says May, "it is usual to name a day which will enable the Members to attend from all parts of the country". And "The order for the House to be called over is accompanied by a resolution 'that such members as shall not then attend, be sent for, in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms'". "Non-attendance, no excuse being offered, may be punished by committal to the custody of the Serjeant and the payment of his fees".

The House was last called over on the occasion of the trial of Earl Russell in 1901. There seems to be no reason why it should not be done again. The Serjeant-at-Arms, no doubt, would enjoy a trip to Northern Ireland, and if his quarry did not care to be arrested he could escape all trouble, this column supposes, by applying for the Chiltern Hundreds. Another writ would then be issued, and the next gentleman to be elected would know what to expect. This has the makings, you must admit, of a jolly little row.

A. P. H.

THE PASSENGER

"Louisa, are you trying to be funny?"

BACK ROOM JOYS

USING A NEW EXPRESSION

THERE'S fun in using a new expression—
Until it becomes an obsession.
One day we're free,
Then the next day everything's "Jolly D!"
"Don't even begin . . ." or "*too* atomic!"
Or "Fair enough!" . . . We feel drily comic,
Of a whimsically sophisticated turn of speech;
As if it were our own inspiration,
We have all the pleasures of creation—
Including widespread imitation;
And the phrase itself is such a peach—
Such a *total* poppet!

The trouble is we can't drop it;
We flog it, it becomes a *thing*;
And time alone can bring
The counter-irritant, the new toy
In the shape of the next patter, gambit or ploy—
Then *that's* well "worth real, folding money."
(Isn't that one a honey!)

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

SENSATION AT A PRIZE-GIVING

MY lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and boys of the school:

In addressing you by these outmoded and, in many cases, inappropriate titles—the head boy, for instance, with his incipient moustache and quotations from Proust, has biologically been a full man for at least two years—I am making my solitary concession to the conventions this afternoon.

I am not particularly glad to be present on this occasion. Had my new secretary possessed the nimble wit of her predecessor I should not have been here at all. Every moment wasted here could be nobly employed, as the poet Wordsworth said in one of his rare moments of comparative lucidity, "getting and spending."

This is indeed my old school, a fact which frequently puts me at a disadvantage when dealing with men from Eton, Harrow or Winchester. Here, so I am told, I spent the happiest days of my life. No doubt, in a childish way, one could be happy at school; but the adult world, properly taken, is no vale of tears either. Here also, it would appear, I was indoctrinated with a code of behaviour which was to guide me through life, unspotted and unstained. There is a basis of truth in this. Taught to abhor a sneak, I have never been a witness for the Crown, save where my own interests demanded it. Instructed in the concealment of small contraband articles from the eye of authority, I have for years waged a successful war against the Customs House. The method of forgery which enabled the Lower Remove to do a hundred lines in the time normally taken to do ten has become the basis of my efficient office system. This afternoon it is my fate to present prizes. I have no time for those who do not win prizes. Life itself is nothing more than a succession of competitions for prizes. The losers are not really living. As a boy I won every prize open to me. While raking in the Form prize and the Essay prize I did not disdain such minor guerdons as the Weekly Good Conduct

Card and the Smith-Pockett Badge for Neat Handwriting. Although these rewards have little intrinsic worth—the badge, I recall, had a pledge value of one mixed ice-cream—the effort of acquiring them created useful habits of industry and dissimulation.

I regret to learn that, despite the noble example set by our legislators, corporal punishment still exists in the school. Personally, I was never beaten; but I saw enough of the results of flagellation to realize that here was an aspect of school life for which I could feel no enthusiasm.

It is customary for one in my position to allude gracefully to the virtues of the headmaster, whose speech was so full of complimentary references to myself. I remember him as a very new assistant master, with a smelly motor cycle, and a *tendre* for the daughter of his tobacconist. Whether in the course of years he has shed these youthful frailties I do not know; our correspondence has been strictly limited to demands for donations on his part and refusals to donate on mine. He looks older, but not much wiser, and I am glad that I finished my education while his influence in the school was infinitesimal.

Of the governors, who traditionally have the interests of the school so much at heart, I will only say that the chairman, whom I overtook on the road, needed the help of an A.A. scout and a road map to find his way here; and that the lunch-time conversation of the rest of the Board revolved ceaselessly about a recent speculation in zinc.

I will not dwell upon the agonies of boredom inflicted upon me (and, I hope, upon you) by the Latin play. The Greek play was made more endurable for me by a conviction, growing to a certainty, that the performers understood the purport of their lines as little as I did. To the master responsible for the English play I would say this: by the time you have cut a Restoration drama until it is fit for presentation at a school prize-giving you are, to all intents and purposes, without any play at all. Being tone-deaf I am unable to pass any strictures upon the activities of the choir. I will content myself with the observation that their white collars and gasping mouths reminded me irresistibly of the Fish Footman in Alice.

I should not leave you without a word of worldly advice. It is this. Stay out of Kaffirs.

Now, the prizes.

Hart-Roebuck—Lower Third—Mathematics.

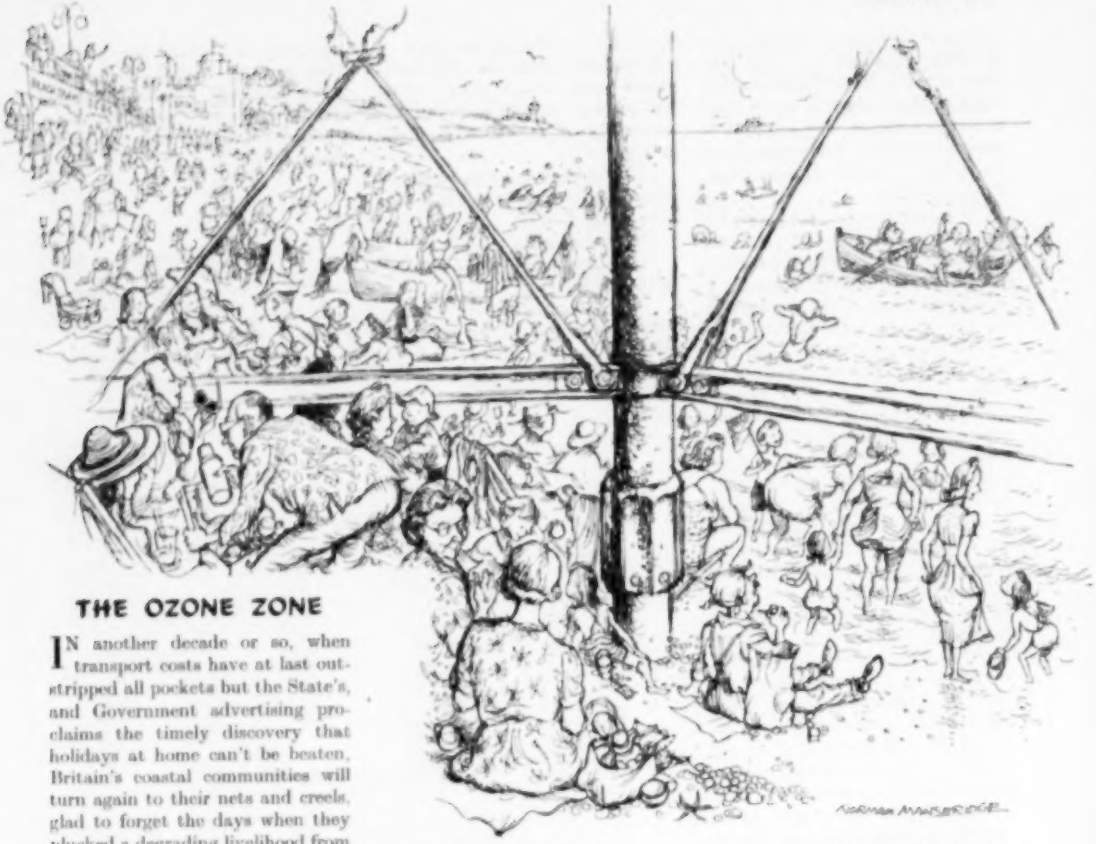
Well, Hart-Roebuck, before handing you this gaudy tome, let me see if you are indeed what you claim to be. Here is a little everyday problem I would like you to solve in your head. Four days before Contango, you buy 500 Five Shilling Ordinary Debentures at a premium of £7½ per cent, in anticipation of a rise . . .

❧ ❧

"The social half-hour was hidden talent, arranged by Mrs. Down, jun., and Mrs. Taylor. It comprised a minstrel show. . . . Two elderly members recited, and two others played mandolines after a lapse of several years."

Provincial paper

Well, it seemed like years.



THE OZONE ZONE

IN another decade or so, when transport costs have at last outstripped all pockets but the State's, and Government advertising proclaims the timely discovery that holidays at home can't be beaten, Britain's coastal communities will turn again to their nets and creels, glad to forget the days when they plucked a degrading livelihood from concrete boating-lakes, defective weighing-machines and all the unnatural machinery of Board Residence. There will be ceremonial burnings of amusement arcades and deck-chairs at which the faces of the residents, illuminated by the flames, will shine with a rediscovered self-respect. Perhaps.

In the meantime the boom continues.

The seaside, like Christmas, is really for the kiddies—a sentiment being voiced at this moment in an indulgent maternal chorus all round the edge of these islands. "Let them enjoy themselves, *I* say," declares Mum, daringly folding back her skirt another inch, "they'll grow up soon enough." She adds, of course, with sudden shrillness, "Stop it this *instant*, Rodney, if you don't want a good hiding!" Rodney stops it, whatever it is, with resentment but no surprise. After the first morning, when he sat in the sea with his clothes on, he gave up wondering why grown-ups ever come to the sea at all—a question they will have asked themselves more than once before the home-bound train steams out. Blind as ever to life's glittering opportunities, they clearly mean to squander the whole fortnight lying flat on their backs with newspapers over their faces; nothing will persuade them to run about shrieking with buckets of mud, dredge crabs from the shallows with the top of the vacuum-flask, batter each other with spades and seaweed or form associations with little girls in red plastic bonnets who later prove to come of large and companionable families including Our Ron and his portable wireless.

They won't even (which would be something) go in for that most simple and effective of seaside adventures, the vanishing trick, which, as every child knows, consists of melting quietly away into a crowd of three thousand children of identical size and costume, and lasts until Mum and Dad, suddenly aware of a tiny concentrated hush amid the general clamour, spring up with pounding hearts and scan the waves for a small, white, bobbing sun-hat . . . But it's all right: there he is, a remote speck at the far end of the weed-slippery groyne; he has dropped something in the water, which must be about four fathoms just there, and seems about to go in after it . . . What, asks Rodney in bewilderment, can you do with people who limit themselves to a mere three trips each on the speed-boats, rowing-boats, canoes and sea-going cruisers, and stroll unseeing past the waxworks, roundabouts,

Ghost Trains, Big Dippers and Tunnels of Fate? Nothing at all. Still, never mind; here is a fat man asleep on the shingle: let us jump off the breakwater and land astride his face.

Seaside pleasures come under two headings: the pleasures of Nature and the pleasures of Man; the first tend to be obscured by the second in these scientific days, but the sea, at any rate, is always there—or almost always: if at some places it gets rather aloof at low tide this is at least of some consolation to the short-term visitor, who would never have seen it in any case, having been caught up by counter-attractions on his way from the coach-station. After the sea comes that fragrant something in the air, an invigorating scent of decayed marine vegetables, rusty iron, tarred driftwood and old, unwanted fish, which at home would give rise to anxious looks and a tendency to boil all water before drinking, but at the sea is recognized swiftly as ozone, bracing, exciting and almost free; I say almost, because at the smaller, more exclusive haunts, the kind where public-spirited property-owners have clubbed together for signs saying "Keep Off," "Keep Out," "Strictly Private" and "No vehicles beyond this point," you may have to stump up a five shilling car-park fee just to get within sniffing distance. Not that you will mind this, or even notice. You have come here to be fleeced, and have sensibly resolved not to regard money as money at all during this fortnight, but merely as successive pocketfuls of rapidly dissolving metal alloy.

You may like to know that ozone is an allotropic condition of oxygen existing in a state of condensation, with three atoms to the molecule—a piece of information invaluable for bridging the gap at the hotel just after Rodney has tipped his apricots into the lap of the permanent resident. Or you might explain it to the children one pouring wet day, first seizing their attention by saying that Jöns Jakob Berzelius, who practically discovered the stuff, was also famous for effecting certain improvements in the technique of the blowpipe. But mind they don't twist the conversation quickly round to the shooting-gallery on the pier—which, by the way, if it is abreast with modern developments in the entertainments world, will be featuring bows and arrows this year instead of old-fashioned rifles.

The pier must rank as the first of man-made attractions beside the sea, if only because it isn't beside the sea at all, but gloriously on, in, over and out to it, so that the pier-goer, having paid his threepence with the old familiar resentment at getting only a clang of secret mechanism instead of a ticket, savours the full thrill of seafaring without any of the spoil-sport antics of storm and tempest. You can eat and drink there, listen to an orchestra whose conductor-violinist, if no Menuhin, makes up for this by the spectacular histrionics of his *pizzicato*, attend the drama (three acts on the stage or one in the slot-machine) and buy anything from nail-files in leather cases inscribed in ungallant innuendo "With Love to Mum" to uninhibited picture-postcards and those large, straw piccaninny hats which are so much the vogue this year—and which, like most holiday costume, can be so entrancing on some, so disastrous on others.

Certain types of pleasure-seeker gravitate towards the pier automatically: men of a rolling, middle-aged ex-pugilist appearance, with billowing blue jackets and (another vogue) small policeman's helmets; ladies loud and merry, roughly of the shape and (one ventures to guess) temperament of their own unrecognized counterparts in the picture-postcards. Both male and female enjoy themselves hugely, notably in two well-worn holiday jokes: the exchanged hat and the public kiss—with screams and chasing. They are, in the traditional phrase, "having a wonderful time," and any small-minded criticism of their behaviour would provoke an indignant and astonished "But this is the seaside!"

It is the complete defence. At the sea we are meant to be gay, and although the resorts try to meet all tastes (one on the east coast has done its best for antiquarians by erecting some castle ruins, of which the official handbook speaks highly) it is the hunger for joyous irresponsibility that most man-made pleasures seek to assuage. And if his Worship the Mayor, making a tour of his bright kingdom, finds you and me squandering our whole fortnight lying flat on our backs with newspapers over our faces, then it's just too bad. J. B. BOOTHROYD

AT THE PICTURES

Night and the City—No Sad Songs for Me

A GOOD director so seldom succeeds when transplanted that it would be sensible not to expect him to; but somehow one always does, or at least one is always particularly disappointed when he fails. For all I know, the trouble with the film of *Night and the City* (Director: JULES DASSIN) may be altogether traceable to the Gerald Kersh novel on which it is based, but I should say a great deal of it could be put down to the fact that not merely the director but the producer, and the producing company, are American. I find it hard to believe that the mere transplanting of Mr. DASSIN to London should make his on-the-spot methods so infinitely less successful in giving the flavour of reality than they were two years ago in his picture about New York, *The Naked City*. I think the producer's eye, and the script-writer's, if not Mr. DASSIN's, were nearly all the time on the U.S. market for this film. The over-colouring and exaggeration of the picture of "London's underworld" are grotesque, but it is probably what the average untravelled American moviegoer delights to think of as typical of night life over here. The only thing left out is fog; he'll miss that, but Mr. DASSIN used his exterior backgrounds as he found them and therefore (no doubt to Head Office's surprise and annoyance) had to manage without it. The story concerns a shady character (RICHARD WIDMARK) who wants to "be somebody" and spends most of his time in the film running through the London streets—never the same one twice—away from people to whom, as a result of some unsuccessful scheme, he owes money. His downfall comes finally by way of his attempt to manage a big wrestling racket; the most memorable personage in the picture is an enormous old wrestler (ZBYSZKO) who delivers weighty pronouncements in the vocabulary of a Red Injun. Otherwise, the impression of this piece that remains in one's mind is a well-composed, cunningly-angled, half-lit view of some well-known London locality, with Mr. WIDMARK running, dashing, scuttling, scampering, racing or tearing across it.

[*No Sad Songs for Me*

Pavane for the Living

Mary Scott—MARGARET SULLAVAN

I found I could appreciate *No Sad Songs for Me* (Director: RUDOLPH MATÉ) with almost complete detachment; which, since the picture is certainly meant to be a "weepie," might be regarded as a severe criticism. But from other opinions I gather that its moving effect on most people is powerful enough. As I have said before, this question of deep emotional influence is a very arguable one. There are certain sentimental devices and situations that, used quite cynically for that purpose by the film-maker, will infallibly move to tears nearly everyone capable of tears; but that is far from meaning that any film full of them is an emotional masterpiece. Conversely, a film can fail to make you weep at all and still be emotionally moving. I think *No Sad Songs for Me*, built round the old situation of somebody with only a few months to live, succeeds chiefly because of MARGARET SULLAVAN's sensitive playing but also because of the restraint of the direction and the script: the picture of a small happy family about to be broken by an undeserved doom is presented straight, without any banging over of effects. All concerned seem excessively noble, but you can't have everything.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The best bets in London are still the comedies, if you can catch them: the French *Jour de Fête* (3/5/50) and *Adieu Leonard*, and the highly enjoyable American one with Spencer Tracy as *Father of the Bride*.

Of the new releases I can speak with confidence only of half of one: the Mr. Toad half of the new Disney, *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad*, is wonderful stuff.

RICHARD MALLETT

[*Night and the City*

Whirlwind Tour

Harry Fabian—RICHARD WIDMARK

EPIC CONFERENCE

"ALL right. Now, after these native guides have legged it with the equipment the crocodile didn't eat, this guy Charters shows up——"

"With malaria?"

"Who? Oh, yah, yah, with malaria. And a dart sticking out of his neck. He whispers to the leader 'Bad show, sir. The jolly old canoe just drifted away by itself.' The leader just looks at him."

"And the *cheep-cheep-cheep* of the insects?"

"Yah, if you like."

"And *bom-bom-bom* on the war-drums?"

"No, no, save that. You can overdo that bom-bom-bom stuff. Then Charters puts on a twisted smile——"

"Like this?"

"Yah, yah, like that. And he says 'We may as well tear up our return tickets, eh, sir?' Then he falls in a coma."

"Say anything before he shuts his eyes?"

"Just 'Sorry, sir.' The leader looks round at the men playing Snakes and Ladders. He peeps through the tent-flap at the leopard eating this Mr. Armitage. Then he closes his copy of *Alice Through the Whatsaname*, and says 'Look, chaps, can you spare a see?'"

"Bit informal, isn't it?"

"Sure. Like I keep telling you, when it's a disaster you gotta watch out you keep the dialogue natural. Anyhow, this Cockney guy Parker looks up from his jig-saw and says 'Cor, lumme, sir, I was just dreamin' I was on 'Amstead 'Eath with the missus, sir.' Human, see. Gets a laugh."

"And the coward's lip starts to quiver again?"

"No, no. He's *found* himself. Don't you remember? When he had to fight off the boa-constrictor by himself because the leader wanted to test him. No, he sees there's something the matter right away, so he says 'Everything under control, sir!' Quiet, you see. So's not to scare the men. So the leader sits at the table and says 'You may as well come into the office, chaps.'

"So they come up to the table all sheepish. Then the leader says 'Well, chaps, things don't look too cheery. As you will have guessed by now, there is only one bar of fruit-and-nut chocolate left.' The Cockney guy says 'Milk, sir!' —with a twisted smile, you know——"

"Like this?"

"No, no. Like *this*. And the leader says 'Afraid not, Parker. Plain.' Wryly, see?"

"Who's Reilly?"

"*Wryly*. Then he says 'Also, my second in command has a poisoned dart in his throat, and isn't feeling too good.'"

"Then he goes on 'We've no map, no compass, the rains are due to-morrow, and old Mr. Armitage has been eaten by a ruddy leopard.'"

"Ruddy? Isn't that a bit strong?"

"Sure it's strong! But these guys are up against it, see! After all, they're grown men. Then the leader goes on 'All we have left,' he says, 'is our unconquerable spirits.' They all say 'Hear, hear, sir.' Not too loud—what we've got to avoid is mock-heroics, see! We've got to aim at—er——"

"Realism?"

"Yah, yah, something like that. 'Well,' says the leader, 'I propose that whoever wins the next game of Snakes and Ladders will set out with half the chocolate and try to reach the coast. The rest of us will wait here. If the leopards don't get us the hostile tribes will. Or we'll succumb to the testy-fly. Or die of hunger.' 'Or old age!' says Parker. Big laugh, see? Relieve the tension. 'Well,' says the leader, 'have any of you chaps anything to say before I shake the dice?' And what d'you think one of 'em says?"

"'Gawd, this is terrible'!"

"No, no. We got to keep it *natural*. He says 'Well, sir, this 'as bin quite a picnic, sir, 'asn't it, sir?'"

"Reilly?"

"Yah, yah, wryly. Gets a laugh, see? And *then* you can start your *bom-bom-bom*."

"What's worrying me is my E coupons expiring at the end of the month . . ."

CONVERSATIONS IN UPPER THAMES STREET

FEELING A DRAUGHT

"BUT it should be 'feeling *the* draught,'" said Fred. "I ought to know, I've been feeling it for years."

"Feeling *a* draught," Thorn repeated, firmly. "'The' draught seems to imply only one, whereas all proper draught-feelers know that there are many, all potentially able to be felt. I never met anyone who could shut a railway carriage window with more emphasis—quiet like, too—than my Uncle Rupert, rest his soul. If you are feeling a mere one I shouldn't say draught at all. Say 'the shoe pinches.'"

"Chronic," Irma put in. "But they were only sixteen shillings and up in Oxford Street practically the same thing is thirty-seven-and-six. I'm going to the pictures to-night," she added in explanation, as she hobbled across to collect the dirty cups.

"The use of words," said the man with two books under his arm, "is always the last thing about them that people consider. They think because they know what they mean so do other people. Take a word like 'catechumen.' Again, look how they say 'love' when they mean 'like,' or even 'enjoy,' and 'awful' when they mean 'bad.'"

"Well, go on," said Fred, fascinated as always by an appearance of learning.

"I always say 'awful bad,'" George contributed, "especially if it's me teeth. When the dentist came round to school once he did a drawing of my mouth on the blackboard. We had another chap come who said I had the finest hammer toes in a youth of thirteen he'd seen in thirty years' practice."

"Too many of these inspections and that," said a taxi-driver. "We used to go to school to be taught things, but now it's 'Drink your free milk,' and have your drawing on show in a window in Fleet Street, and get taken round museums, and psychology. Reading and writing was good enough for me, and now I've got my own cab. Had her painted last week."

"That chap was getting a couple of thousand a year for drawing George's teeth," Fred put in, looking admiringly at George.

"Laugh!" suddenly said one of the long-distance drivers. "We came down from Manchester last night and old Tom took the silencer off. 'Red Streak,' he called her, and made out it was a twenty-four-hours race. You never heard such a din."

"When I was much younger," Thorn said, "I took part in the famous race from New York to Paris, organized by an American newspaper. We were in a steam-car, perhaps the first steam-car ever seen in Outer Mongolia. One of the correspondents was eaten by wolves, you know."

"Who won?" asked Fred. "Bet it was a Napier."

"Apart from its reluctance to move forward that steam-car was a marvel," Thorn went on. "You could pour snow in one end and get boiling shaving water out at the other."

"Pooh!" said George, "there's no need to go to Outer Mongolia for that. When I was with a mobile laundry we used to get hot water whenever we wanted—but not if you was below the rank of sergeant, of course. Ivor Novello came for a bath once and wrote his name in the book. That was at Bayeux."

"We were seven weeks—or it may have been seven months—getting to Paris. I know when we got there everyone had forgotten the race," Thorn confessed. "We might have been anyone with a steam-car, and not George Foss, Colonel Think and myself."

"Cases of mistaken identity like that are very common," said a chap in the corner. "I was stopped in Ilfracombe, of all places, once, by this girl and she said 'Well, fancy meeting you here,' so I said 'Ah!' as cryptic as I could. 'It's a small world,' she said. 'I was only saying to Gwennie last week.' 'Gets smaller, at that,' I replied, 'what with jet engines and coast erosion.' Then she said suddenly 'You aren't Tommy Harris at all,' and began to giggle."

"They only does it for devilment," Irma said. "There's two girls in our street get their bus fares paid every night like that, and they come from the West End. It averages over four shillings a week. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't."

"That's what I say about these draught protectors," Thorn said. "The ones you nail to the inside of the door are worst. I did all my landlady's doors once when she went away for three days to her married sister's, and none of them would shut after that. I got 'extra heavy duty' thinking it meant that sort kept out more draughts than any other, but it didn't mean that at all. It was for tube train doors, an inch thick, and when I got it on, the house was like living in a colander."

"That's what they do in America," one of the van-girls said. "Them as doesn't squat on poles. My young man was there for two nights during the war. His ship was at Boston, or Baltimore or somewhere. You ought to have seen the nylons he brought me."

"It sounds to me like our Gwennie's friend Lily. She said she met a chap at Ilfracombe who said he was Tommy Harris and bought her an ice," said George, fixing his eyes on the man in the corner.

"Well, what if I did?" the man in the corner said, defensively.

"Well, it proves it is a small world," George said, "because you never thought to meet Lily's friend Gwennie's brother George here, did you, not when you told that anecdote?"

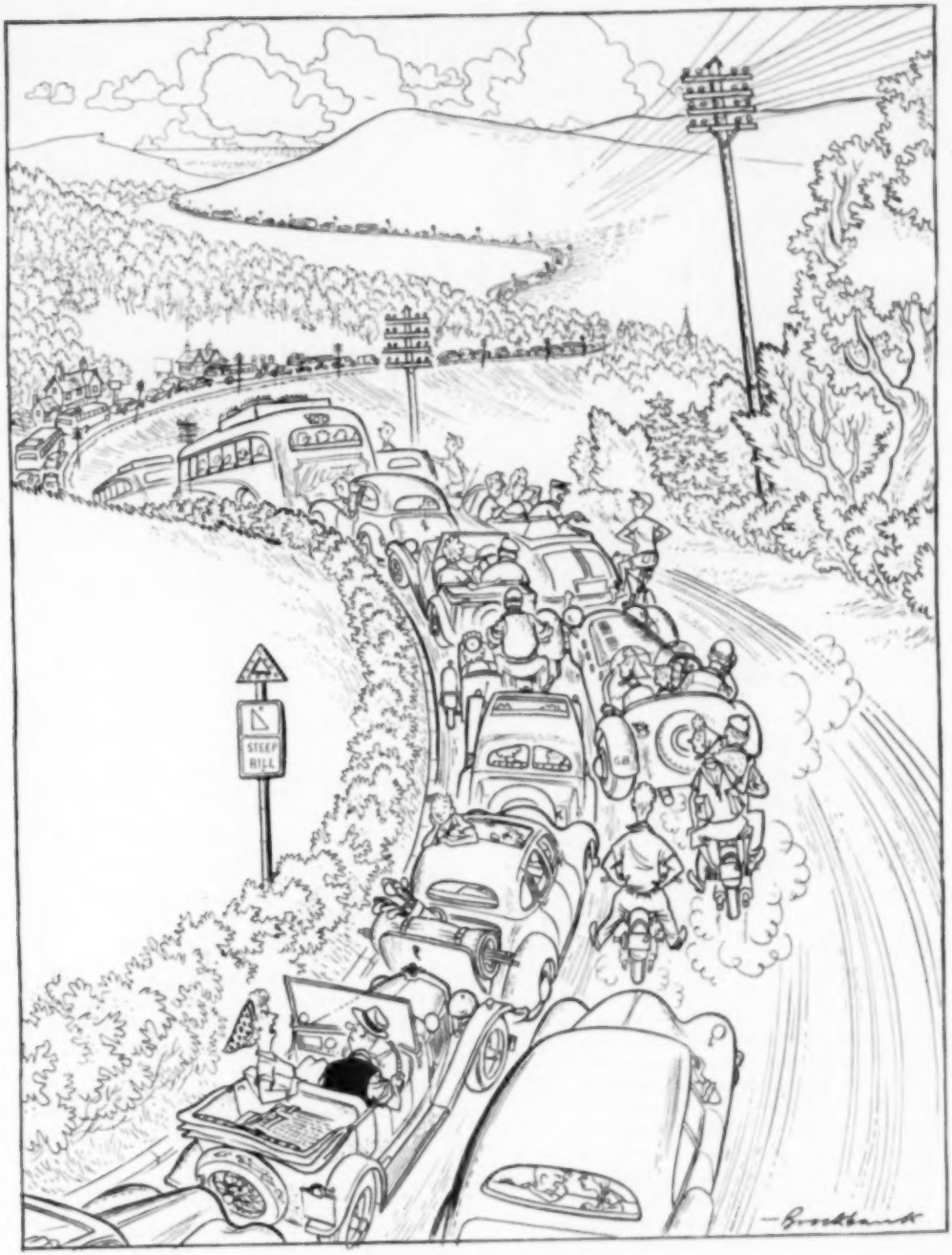
"Anecdote!" said the man with two books under his arm, "That's another: some people say 'antidote,' and are none the wiser."

"The world doesn't seem small when you are motoring across it in a steam-car," Thorn assured the company. "And if you really want to feel a draught try sticking a newly-shaven chin over the side when coasting through Outer Mongolia."

New Look

"Shop Sunblind, 16 ft. with ironwork. £5. 6ft medium size gentleman; gd. cond."

"Northampton Chronicle"



"'Set the people free,' eh?"

"A plague on these Machine Age poets!"

MRS. SMITH GETS CREAM FOR TEA

". . . In other counties cream will be obtainable only by post."—*Daily paper*

So, unrepentant, hee
Confin'd to western Shires their lactick wealth,
In antick Roome at social board consum'd,
Or els acquir'd from solitarie Byre
Beyond the utmost Hills. Impatient shee,
With fierce Desire and jelous Envie mov'd
(Yet impotent), what late Decree allow'd
Resolv'd to do. With swift and eager Pen
She to the far and favour'd Occident
Her instant will dispatch'd, and Payment due
In ample recompense; yet from her Lord
And tender Progeny the Hope conceal'd
Till Consummation sweet. Like one who counts
The slow procession of the doubtfull Howres
And with a fearfull Joye anticipates
Some deare uncertain Blisse, so halfe in Faith
And halfe in sad Despaire, with equall mind,
She watch'd, nor watch'd in vain. On flying Wheele
At length approach'd the civill Messenger
With luscious Treasure arm'd, her long'd-for Prize:
Which she receaving, 'gainst returning eve
With chearfull Heart the festive Board prepar'd,
Comfits and syrops, and what els besides
Of simple Bread or gastronomick Toye
The niggard Time bestow'd; and in the midst
Pre-eminent, by candid Bowle enclos'd,
Fetch'd from the Limit of th' Atlantick Maine,
The rich congeal'd Delyte. . . . G. H. VALLINS

OUR HERITAGE THE SEA

THIS is the time of year when newspapers talk about the holiday rush across the Channel. You can see what they mean, but it is not the best way of describing that first deliberate step from England to gangway—the step of an adventurer nobly conscious of the sea-salt in his veins but not absolutely convinced that the thing he treads on is fixed both ends—or the slow magic moment when the floor grinds horribly and the quay-side begins to move back.

Before our intrepid travellers actually leave what at least one person within earshot will refer to as *terra firma* they will, I need hardly say, have been through the Customs and, for the fifteenth time that day, brought out their passports. Showing an official a passport is a defiant, complacent and embarrassing occasion; look at it, the travellers are thinking, there's a fine passport for you; but there is also the photograph, that traditional freak of the camera world, and you can never convey to a passport man your own attitude to the face in the book. However, it is all part of the game. If there were not other good if dreary reasons for Customs officers and passports they would justify their existence by making Channel travellers feel they are doing more than catch a small easy ship. When people come out of the shed telling each other that *that* didn't last long, and holding their documents as self-consciously as if they were School Certificates, they are mentally abroad already. There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail. It is never as big as the one next to it, but it is nicer.

Partly because there is always a gap between boarding a Channel boat and sailing in one, and partly because a motor-car in mid-air is a rift in the natural scheme of things, Channel travellers whose boat is also a car ferry have a wonderful time watching the crane from the railings round the first floor of the blunt end. They stand and marvel at the unworried men who slap the hooks round the wheels, at the blasé men who unhook them and drive the cars into the tunnel. Motoring travellers like to stand on shore, at a safe distance, until Providence has seen their own car safely up and down, and they like to take a photograph, which they do by peering very anxiously into the view-finder and tilting the camera a little too far up.

Although Channel-crossers may be said to be abroad when they get through the Customs, and even more so when they step on to the gangplank, and more so still when the ship sidles off, they get the first full realization when they see the unrationed chocolate at the bar, or the price of cigarettes, or deck-chairs in three languages, or perhaps even stewards talking foreign words to each other. It is a pity that Scott didn't write a poem this way round, about the sensations of people who wander *to* foreign strands, because then travellers caught suddenly, in an Italian post office or a Belgian tram, with that *I am abroad* feeling never far from their thoughts would be equipped with a poetic way of expressing it.

However, as people still on the Channel know, they are not yet genuinely abroad. They are at sea. The cliffs of England disappeared unnoticed while they were arguing about lunch, and the horizon is a perfect oval of water. This never fails to surprise passengers, but what does amaze them is to see another ship. It is usually a small thin ship with one funnel and a lot of smoke, and people are apt to describe it as a trawler; adding "or drifter."

If the day is calm enough travellers will sort themselves into their natural categories. There are about six categories in a Channel boat, from the white-painted hatch-things tough people sit on, looking nautical, to the little tables indoors, across which letter-writers who do not know each other are careful not to stare while they think of what to write. A lot of people stride about. They stride past the glassed-in softies in deck-chairs, giving them the looks they deserve, they run up and down step-ladders called something else, and they are not really happy until they can tell their companions what the restaurant looks like. They are good at avoiding the raised bit of floor in the doorways, and they keep meeting each other. Passengers divide other passengers into English and foreign, assuming everyone to be English unless proved otherwise; and to everyone all the other passengers are so much background material which will dissolve at Ostend, Calais or Boulogne.

Land-sighting is of course a tremendous feature of Channel life. It is usually sighted prematurely in the form of a low cloud, and then given up until you see the others pointing, when you realize you are almost there. Land is always a great moment to those at sea; but what they really like is getting near enough to distinguish the houses, and cars moving along, and finally even people; foreign people actually walking about! And the dogs, and the bicycles, and the posters! There is a lot to be said for living on an island. ANDR

KAHOOD

FLOSSIE AND THE FARMER

"'TIS poaching, master, and I won't have it!" shouted Farmer Surly, banging his stick on Mr. Twyblade's table.

"Come, come, Mr. Surly!" said Mr. Twyblade. "That is a serious charge to bring against a member of my family."

"Aye, and 'tis a serious offence against a poor man that 's trying to get an honest living on the land. Farming bain't no bed of roses at the best of times——"

"Though it has been described as a bed of feathers!" chuckled Mr. Twyblade. "However," he added more seriously, "we will have the culprit in and hear what she has to say."

The two men, so completely dissimilar—Mr. Twyblade was fair, while Farmer Surly was dark—waited in silence for little Flossie to appear. The elfin child toddled in clutching a bunch of buttercups.

"There, see!" bellowed the farmer, pointing angrily. "Cotched her red-handed."

"Yellow-handed," corrected Mr. Twyblade, regretfully thinking that it would have sounded wittier in Latin.

"You've been poaching my buttercups, dang 'ee!"

The confused child cast down her eyes.

"They grow in such profusion, Mr. Surly, I thought they would not be missed," she whispered.

"And what about my poor, starving cattle! Marry-come-up, she does dearly love a few buttercups for her breakfast, and so do Imp-i'-the-Horn and Swishtail."

"No, farmer," said Flossie. "It is a vulgar error that cows eat buttercups—an error," she added with a pleasant smile, "into which you are by no means the first to fall."

"My daughter is in the right, farmer," said Mr. Twyblade, giving her an approving glance. "Indeed, most of the species possess acrid and poisonous juices which cause them to be avoided by browsing cattle."

"Never 'ee mind that. I love to see my meadows all dimpey in the gloaming with buttercups, and I won't have no hordes of scrampageous children despoiling them."

"The buttercup," murmured Flossie, "the little children's dower."

The scowling man flushed uneasily.

"I din't know that, missy."

"Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower."

"And I din't know they grew melons round these here parts."

"Nor do they, farmer," interposed Mr. Twyblade gently. "The melon-flowers my daughter has in mind are Italian ones."

"Aye!" rasped the farmer. "All them Italian fruits and vegetables pouring into the country, spoiling the market for us chaps. Well, I'm glad to hear our buttercups can hold their own against their melons, and that 's a fact. But I won't have you taking *my* buttercups, and that 's flat."

"You mustn't be cwoss, Mr. Surly," said Flossie winsomely.

"Dang it, I *am* cross!"

"You surely do not grudge a few buttercups in the interests of scientific sociology!"

"How d'you mean, hey!"

For answer the child tripped up to the irate farmer and, standing on tip-toe, held her posy of buttercups beneath his stubborn chin.

"Oo *do* like butter!" she cooed.

"Dang me!" murmured the farmer, turning aside to hide a tear. "I be a bitter hard man, and not since our little Deb were a babby—twenty years afore she ran away with the wandering fiddler—have a child come up to me so trustful and confiding."

"In view of the possible removal of butter from rationing," explained Flossie, noting down on a sheet of paper the farmer's reaction to the buttercup test, "I am making a survey to determine the number of persons likely to take advantage of the dropping of restrictions, in order to assess what additional home-production and imports will be required."

"I'll be gormed!"

"The results of my research will be tabulated and analysed, and forwarded to the Ministry of Food, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the National Farmers' Union, the British Dairy Farmers' Association, the Royal Statistical Society and the *News Chronicle*."

"All with my buttercups!" Farmer Surly scratched his head, bewildered.

"Well, now that you have raised an objection, I shall have to seek——"

"Fresh fields and pastures new!" laughed Mr. Twyblade.

"Fresh *woods* and pastures new, daddy, surely!"

"Bother!" muttered Mr. Twyblade. "Yes."

"Why, little missy, you be welcome to the run o' my buttercups as long as you want!" beamed the farmer. "Lordy-dordy, to think as a tiny maid like you should tickle a great, rough chap like me under the chin wi' a nosegay!"

"Perhaps," said the child mischievously, "I had better just check up on your reactions again!"

"Aye, do, do!"

Once again the fairylike child stole forward and held her buttercups beneath his jowl. The farmer roared delightedly.

"Good day, sir. Sorry to have troubled you about nothing. Good-day to 'ee, little missy."

"Good day, farmer!" cried the two in unison.

And villagers were amazed by the unwonted spectacle of a smile on Farmer Surly's face as, chuckling and feeling his chin between a horny finger and thumb, he strode home to plant more buttercups "for little missy."

OTTER

FROM deep stream and the drowned gleam
and the weed-weave waver;
by glassed slide and green stride
of mossed rock-ways;
past earthed bank where the reeds rank
in wind-thin quaver;
through pool-purl and clear curl
of waters' lane;
eel-lithe the ripple-writhing otter
lifts
lank-head, leaf-dank red,
and drifts
in smooth flow with the slow row
of web-pad, weaving
cloud trail over pale shale
of the shallows' floor.
Craft-cresting the wave-waft,
current cleaving,
swift he shears to the dark piers
of the shelve-soft shore.
Tan-gold through spangle-cold crystal,
he streams,
bar bright of fallow flight,
where the deep gleam
dreams.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

AN INDUSTRIAL JOURNEY

SCENT AND SENSIBILITY

MY nose is very stiff this morning: I knew it would be. It is a mistake at my time of life to indulge in violent physical exertion without careful preparation and training.

You may find it difficult to believe that a nose can become muscle-bound merely through over-exercise: let me tell you then that the effort of sniffing rare odours and perfumes for hours on end calls for supreme fitness in the olfactory organ (I shall resort to numerous synonyms in this article: even "proboscis" may eventually be needed). Sniffing is not breathing: sniffing is an operation that draws air into the upper part of the nasal chamber—that is, into contact with the olfactory nerve endings. "In ordinary breathing [the common or garden day to day variety] . . . we are not as a rule cognizant of odours," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Well, I didn't know that, just as I didn't know that flavour is much more a matter of smell than taste, that minced onion is indistinguishable to the palate from minced apple when the nose is pegged, and that one four hundred millionth part of a milligram of a highly odorous substance can easily be detected in a single whiff of fifty cubic centimetres of air. Ignorant, that's me.

Yesterday I sat for hours in the laboratories of a Stratford (London) perfume and cosmetics manufactory—sniffing. I sniffed lavender, rosemary, violet, cinnamon, patchouli, angelica, sassafras, vetivert, mimosa, jasmin, rose, orange blossom, cedar, orris, santal, bergamot, musk, civet, ambergris . . . odours of the gorgeous East and the golden West, strange distillations, extracts and synthetics, the essential oils of Bulgarian rose, Abyssinian cat and Russian beaver, the vomit of sperm whale and delectable coal-tar derivatives. I sat with my chin resting on my hands and my hands on my cane, like a distinguished socialite at a Parisian salon of *haute couture*. One by one the bottles were unstoppered and passed before my nose: I inhaled, fluttered my eyelids and murmured an "Ah" or two of appreciation. I would not dare to reveal what delightful flash-backs into my lurid past, what purple but half forgotten passages were resurrected in my mind by these strange odours. Perfumes are evocative things. There was that petite, starry-eyed policewoman in . . . was it Clerkenwell? The night at the opera in Milan . . . The midinette in Montparnasse . . .

I'm sorry, sir, I was dreaming. The head perfumer, or the Senior Nose (I forget now how much this key-organ is insured for), has produced an elaborately decorated box containing musk pods. These, he explains, are glands taken from the male musk deer of the high Himalayan ranges: intrepid Chinese hunters trap and slay the deer at an altitude of about eight thousand feet and trade their pods in Tatsienlu, whence they are carried to Shanghai for export.

Musk, I gather (though not at eight thousand feet), is what perfumers call a fixative, a substance that helps a pot-pourri of perfume to persist, persevere and pulsate throughout a long evening. Other fixatives are civet, a fœtid extract of Abyssinian cat, and ambergris, which is a strange deposit caused by the sperm whale's inability to digest his cuttlefish. In their natural state

these animal extracts are far from pleasing to the human nose; their value is in their ability to enrich and sustain the more familiar floral scents.

How are new perfumes devised! Usually by prolonged research and experiment which (at this famous factory) produces one significant success, on the average, every four or five years; but sometimes, especially in the parfum laboratories of Paris, by trial and error. Imagine the klavier of a mighty organ with its keys and stops made of scent bottles. Now, imagine what happens when the perfumer improvises at this odd instrument: he unstoppers one bottle, then another, three more here, two there——Ah! —— His fingers fly over the bottles, and the character of the aromatic mélange changes every second as stoppers are lifted, others replaced. For hours the recital continues, and then at last (sniff) the perfumer's eyes begin (sniff, *sniff!*) to glow with excitement and pride (sniff, only sniff!). It has been achieved, yes, no! A new parfum she is born. The advertising copywriters are summoned and the adjectives begin to fly thick and fast.

HONTEUX

Pronounced (roughly) "On Tour"
Parfum incroyable . . . to express the you-ness of evoking you

Luxury advertising for a luxury industry.

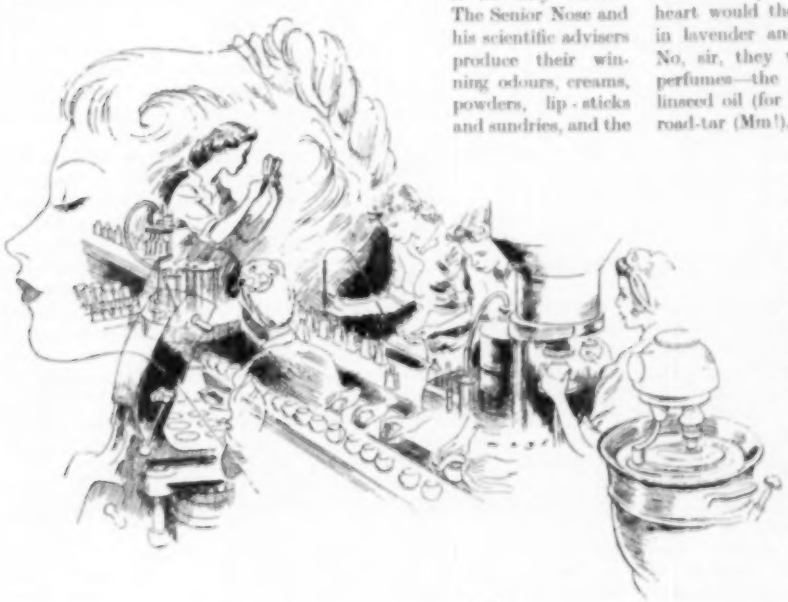
Afterwards, with my nose tiring rapidly, I watched bottles of perfume glide along the inevitable belt conveyers, attended by hundreds of cover-girl operatives, and I heard something of the difficulty of maintaining the firm's high standards of workmanship and presentation. In this industry, particularly, reputation depends very largely on "finish," on neat packing and packaging: a bottle carelessly stoppered or labelled, or a jar messily filled with vanishing cream, may be quite enough to destroy Mrs. Cornelia Schrubb's confidence in English quality, and Mrs. Schrubb, let me tell you, may very well be president of the Cleveland (Ohio) branch of the League of American Women and delegate to the national convention in Chicago.

All this is readily appreciated at Stratford, and great efforts are made to ensure that Mrs. Schrubb remains a contented customer. It is no easy matter. The Senior Nose and his scientific advisers produce their winning odours, creams, powders, lip-sticks and sundries, and the designers devise fadeless waterproof packs of elegant pattern and colour, but finally the firm's goodwill rests with the skill and integrity of the operatives. Now workers are profoundly influenced by environment, by their capacity for pride in a communal prestige, and of course by material incentives. Clean and tidy workshops are the prerequisites of clean and tidy work, so trophies and prizes are offered for inter-departmental competitions. And what prizes! Free beauty treatment—the whole shoot, or chute, mud-packs and all—at the firm's luxurious Bond-street salon. I don't know what the men get out of it; a bottle of hair restorer or something, I suppose.

It is always claimed, by women, that the whole apparatus of cosmetics is intended to gladden the eye and nose of man, that they take such infinite pains with their perfumes, powders and pigmentation only because they wish to please their consorts. Now I am no misogynist, in fact I can see that women could, under certain circumstances, occupy a useful niche in society, but this line of argument is typical of the female dialectic. If women really had male interests at heart would they soak themselves in lavender and orange blossom! No, sir, they would concoct new perfumes—the rich fragrance of linseed oil (for Lord's), essences of road-tar (Mm!), lead pencils, petrol and leather, to say nothing of such exquisite aromatics as brandy, whisky and rum.

I put this point forcibly to the perfumers of Stratford, and they promised, but without any great enthusiasm, to look into it. When a firm's been in business nearly two hundred years there's bound to be a certain slight hardening of the arteries, I suppose.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"He's in a hurry."

POLITICAL PROPOSAL

IN this inter-election lull there is a chance of thinking deepishly about the modernization of English politics and considering such reforms as introducing the Alternative Vote, (which I imagine means that the Liberals vote Labour and Conservative in alternate divisions), sharing out the Liberals among the other parties or spelling them with "Ll" to keep alive the tradition of Lloyd George. Some reformers may urge that as the electorate have voted against both Conservatism and Socialism it might be best to have a Liberal Government, thus providing an opportunity to try out the small Cabinet advocated by Lord Samuel. However, these proposals are mere palliatives. What the country needs is more parties. There are plenty of tried favourites, British and foreign, who deserve a comeback.

The obvious nucleus for an Opposition is The Abhorrers. After a short, gay life in 1679 they became Tories, a name due to the inventive genius of Titus Oates; but the revived Abhorrers could be more versatile and abhor the Right as well as the Left. Then there were the Adullamites, who kept themselves to themselves, and could be advertised as "Select." A hyphen always goes down well with the floating vote, and Fenian-Covenanters should attract many Celtic supporters. So should the Jacobites, although they might be confused with the Jacobins. Perhaps the best features of both could be combined to form a party of Jacobinites, with a policy of extraditing the Stuarts.

Ultramontanists would provide a link between Geography and Politics. The mountains in question would not of course be the Alps, but possibly the Pennines. Guelfs and Ghibellines, who enlivened Italian cities, might well do as much for London: the tendency of Ghibellines to splinter into black, white and other varieties would be of constant interest to advocates of electoral reform. Burgundians and Armagnacs might not be so successful; fewer people would be able to pronounce "Armagnac" than could roll "Burgundian" off their tongues, and the Armagnacs' following would be small. The Ku-Klux-Klan would make a pleasant change by not revealing the names or faces of their members, and would thus remove one of the worst horrors of the Election Address.

France could provide the Maillotins, "so named from the leaden mallets they used." At much the same time—1382, unless my authority contains a misprint—flourished the Tuchins, who lurked in brushwood. These were both clearly parties of strong, if limited, individuality. Although perhaps difficult to harness to the humdrum work of Private Bill Committees and Select Committees on Estimates they would thrive on the rough and tumble of Question Time, though the Tuchin Whips would have to counter firmly any tendency to lurk in brushwood when the division bell rang.

Belgium once had a party called the Figs. All I can find about them is that they were few in

number and persecuted by the populace. Politics is a cruel sport anyway, and the Figs should be popular with hecklers. The Byzantine Blues and Greens would have the advantage of a clearly distinguishable livery without the impediment of a policy. Except in the unlikely event of a revival of chariot racing they should fit in happily, and as they would automatically take opposite sides in any controversy they could always be paired in divisions. This would give them more time to deal with correspondence from their constituents, and even to take over some of the correspondence of members more deeply engaged in the Chamber.

None of these parties would be really suitable for the Speaker. One has only to think of him associated with a leaden mallet instead of a mace to realize this. Probably the most dignified and appropriate solution would be to revive the one-man centre party founded by Halifax and let him become a Trimmer. R. G. G. PRICE

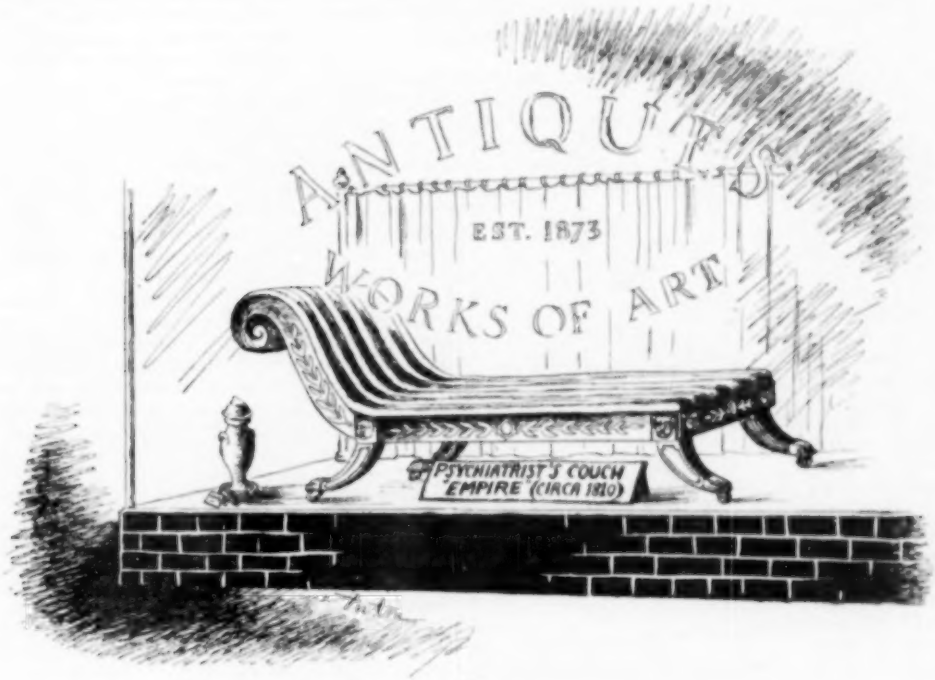
THE MIDDLE-AGED POET

I SHOULD like to write slippery verses, Middle
English cum decadent French,
With a jolly jumble of stresses instead of rhythm and
time,
And cut the exuding stuff into odd, irregular lengths,
Ligaturing the ends with scraps of vestigial rhyme.

I should like to use compound hybrids to save my looking
for words,
Hyphenating them part with polysyllabic part,
And monosyllabic lines to show how modern I am
And build up column inches, combining business and art.

I should like to let my hair down and write the
unprincipled prose
Of the university lyrists at the time I took my degree.
I should like to unlace my muse and give her a two-way
stretch,
And show her this brave new world where almost
everything's free.

I have tried it a dozen times with as many masters in mind;
But I never seem to get going, and the end is always the
same:
I finish by finding myself inhibited, hide-bound, estopped
By a classical education and a natural sense of shame.



AT THE PLAY

Macbeth (Arts)
How I Wonder (Fortune)

OF the hundred plays put on at the Arts Theatre since Mr. Alec Clunes became its Director in 1942, one in four has been new, one in three foreign, and one in two a classic. This is a record of which any theatre might be proud, and when we remember the standard of acting and production gallantly maintained, the moment seems to have come to lift our hats to Mr. Clunes in gratitude for all the treats that but for him would have been denied us. We owe him more than token thanks for having had the courage to take on where too often the commercial theatre in London leaves off. Without the Arts the playgoer who likes Shaw as well as Priestley, Ibsen as well as Rattigan would have been partially starved, and many of the best things the stage can offer would have been left in cold storage.

There have been better productions on this friendly little stage than the slow and rather fluky *Macbeth* which marks the century. Mr. Clunes is sound but unexciting, and Miss Margaret Rawlings' *Lady Macbeth* is sharply accurate without suggesting the imaginative overtones. Mystery is wanting. Mr. Christopher Casson's *Duncan*, Mr. Michael Horden's *Macduff*, and Mr. Eric Berry's *Banquo* are a good trio, and Mr. George Merritt's *Porter* reels off his biology notes with uncommon gusto. The production has points, and no doubt will have improved in pace, but I boggle at the device by which *Banquo's* ghost rises solidly through the seat of *Macbeth's* chair; for by the time it has done so twice one begins to question if our quaking hostess will die not of insomniac remorse but of being sawn in half.

[*Macbeth*

Paranoia

Macbeth—Mr. Alec Clunes; *Lady Macbeth*—Miss Margaret Rawlings

Both human and nuclear fission were to be found in *How I Wonder*, an undramatic piece by Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, which is worthy of a post-mortem, both on account of its author and as confirming the impression given by other recent plays from the States that American universities are maelstroms of politics. Its *Professor*, having been in on the atom, is shocked by its application, and in the view of one of those rugged capitalists who appear to dominate American education he has become unstable. It seemed to me the capitalist had a case, for in the lengthy, soul-dredging conversations that took place between the *Professor* and two characters representing his Mind and Conscience he was strangely unable to state his difficulties; and when suddenly he embraced his Conscience and kissed her warmly I felt we were skating in at least the fourth dimension. The argument closed, none too soon, with his discovery of a new star (a planet wrecked by atomic war is the confident deduction of this haphazard scientist), after which his politics were abruptly forgotten. And perhaps that is why the play had the same fate.

[*How I Wonder*

Schizophrenia

Professor Stevenson—Mr. David Dawson
His Mind—Mr. Walter Crisham

Mr. David Dawson handled the *Professor* too monotonously. Miss Elizabeth Allan struggled bravely with the least competent housewife I remember on the stage, and the evening was a little brightened by Mr. Walter Crisham's agile manipulation of the somewhat trivial Mind.

Recommended

Stratford's *Much Ado About Nothing*, with Peggy Ashcroft and John Gielgud, is a delight. For a well-argued play about a family, *The Holly and the Ivy* (Duchess), and for divorce intelligently treated from the children's angle, *Background* (Westminster).

Eric Keown

IN THE PARK

THE man ran round in circles, in exasperated pursuit of the dog. The woman whose child it had snapped at walked away angrily with the crying victim. The man managed to corner the dog at last, and administered correction with a smack of the hand. The dog yelped. It was a matter of convention.

"Beast!" said a woman standing near. The man fastened the lead unheedingly on the dog's collar.

"Beast!" the woman repeated, more loudly.

"What's wrong?" asked another man, coming up.

"Being cruel to his dog!"

The new arrival commented "No!"

"I smacked it *once*!" the man explained, seeking the understanding of his own sex.

"Unmercifully," the woman asserted. "I'll report you to the police!" she shrilled. The man stood passive, incapable of disengaging himself.

"You oughtn't to have done that, you know," the new arrival reasoned with him. "What had the dog done?"

"Frightened a child, that's what he'd done."

The new arrival seemed to think that this was the more heinous of the two offences. "Well!" he said to the woman, shrugging his shoulders.

The woman saddled them with the sins of the world. "Cruel to dumb animals that can't help themselves! Ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

"Are these men annoying you, madam?" a mounted policeman inquired from his horse.

The woman implied that this description of their actions was an understatement. "Annoying me! Cruel to their dog, that's what they're being!" The policeman regarded the two men seriously. "Is it true what the lady says?" he asked.

The man who owned the dog made an involuntary gesture of despair with his hand. "I smacked it," he said deliberately, "once. It frightened a child, and it wouldn't come when I called it. IT FRIGHTENED A CHILD!" he emphasized again, in explanation of the reasonableness of his action.

"Do you vouch for that, sir?" the policeman inquired of the other man.

"I wasn't here," the other man explained. "But it seems to be what happened," he added.

"It seems to be all right, madam," the policeman advised the woman. "I should leave it now. The dog will be all right, I'm sure."

"Beasts!" the woman commented, including the policeman in her condemnation. "Cruel to dumb animals! Dumb animals that can't help themselves!"

The dog sought protection from the commotion in the shelter of its owner's legs. "Beasts!" the woman repeated, raising her umbrella in a passion of indignation at the dog's owner.

The dog bit her.

"Stella—just pop round to Mr. Maggs and ask him how I cast off."

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, June 19th

House of Commons: Classical Interlude

Although that persistent purist Mr. HENRY STRAUSS, of Norwich, South, would never admit that it is enforced there is a rule that only the English language may be used in debates in the House of Commons.

There have been cases in the past where excited legislators have burst into the Gaelic, and even French; but on the whole, though odd accents and syntax have often puzzled the assembly, the mother tongue has always prevailed.

But to-day there was no doubt at all. Nobody even pretended The Words were English, and it took the seemingly limitless legal knowledge of the Solicitor-General, Sir FRANK SOSKICE, to break it gently to the House that Acts of Parliament, too, were limited to the English language.

Mr. BASIL NIELD, himself a lawyer, started it all by moving (for no very apparent reason) that the word "*result*" in the Finance Bill be altered to "*ratio decidendi*." As it related to the hidden mysteries of Income Tax appeals most Members adopted the resigned attitude appropriate to the subject, seemed prepared to humour Mr. NIELD, and let him have his Latin.

Not so Sir FRANK. He rose, blew the dust off a vast legal tome, and announced authoritatively that by an Act of George II the use of Latin in English Acts of Parliament was forbidden. But, he admitted shyly, "*vice versa*" had been known to creep in now and then. However, he clearly implied, two *vice versas* did not make a virtue, and he could not accept Mr. NIELD's new heresy.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, hastily consulting a mental glossary, complained that if Mr. NIELD's learning were not made use of it might result in a *reductio ad absurdum*. Having listened to Mr. Solicitor's speech he was inclined to say (and did say) *quod erat demonstrandum*, and to propose that the House defer consideration *ad interim*.

By now the air was filled with the rustle of dictionaries, but Mr. NIELD saved the situation by announcing that he was prepared to drop his proposal—since the Solicitor-General had made out a *prima facie* case. So all ended as happily as things usually do when Sir FRANK is in charge of the debate.

It was a curious debate, though. Opposition Members made fierce speeches, attacking the Budget proposals and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS sat silent and stolid. Then, the tumult and the shouting would suddenly die and the captains and the kings would consent to their own defeat, without so much as a division.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Quibell

So there were very few divisions; one of them, however, set the Government's supporters thinking nostalgically of pre-election times by giving them a majority of 219 in a vote forced by a minor Tory "revolt." As if to emphasize that such a result was not normal, another vote a little later cut the Government's majority to a more natural 11.

Mr. MAURICE WEBB, the Food Minister, had rather more than his ration of cross-examination at Question-time, but he got through his forty-four searching queries with his usual calm assurance. He certainly dealt with a varied menu, and it was unfortunate that he had to say, "Sorry, no——" so often. But the questioners were perhaps (just perhaps) making their questions as difficult as possible for him.

For instance: May we have cream . . . ("*It's more important to get butter!*" *said Mr. Webb*) . . . to go with the strawberries for which British growers are getting paid too little because of the Government's policy of allowing imports? ("*I can't stop imports yet—and I don't think they interfere with home growers.*") A little more sugar, then? ("*Not this year. Sorry.*") And so on.

It was after all this that the House developed its "Don't-let-a-be-beastly-to-the-Government" mood, and made such rapid progress with the Finance Bill that it was able to rise, something attempted, nearly everything done, before midnight.

Tuesday, June 20th

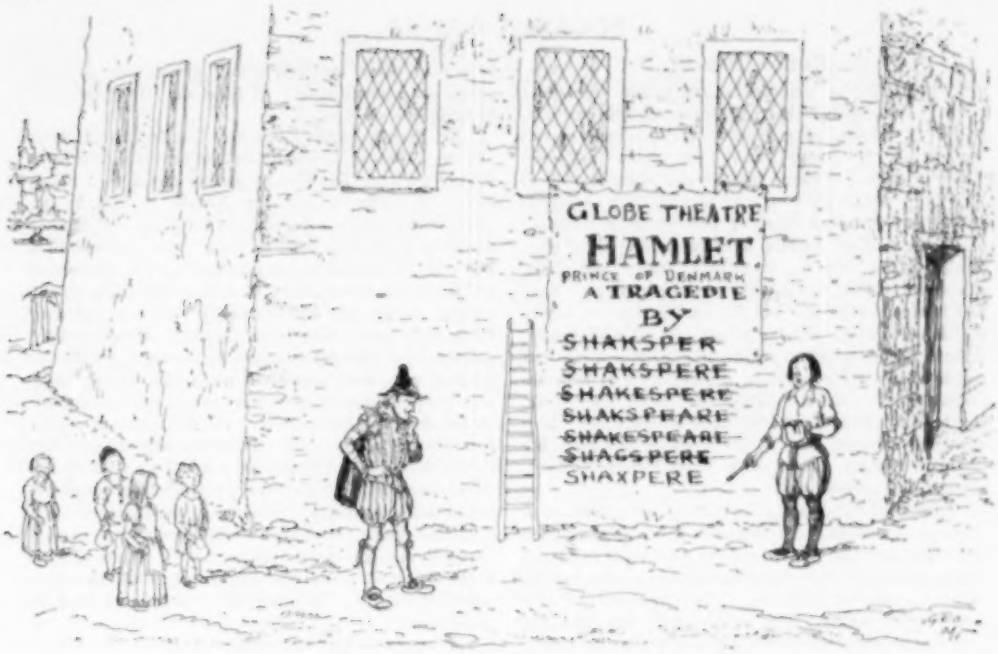
House of Commons: A Matter of Words

The Finance Bill (which, like the poor it is claimed by its critics to create, is seemingly always with us) was again the subject for debate in the Commons to-day, and the experts were all on parade, armed to the teeth with documents and precedents. The kindest of critics, the most partisan of partisans, could hardly have regarded the debate as exciting, important though it was.

So the Question-hour attracted the best audience of the day, and the House had Fun With Words in a big way.

Mr. HENRY STRAUSS, whose dislike of officialese has already been mentioned, scored the laugh of the afternoon when he asked "What happens to a 'hospitalized' man when he is cured? Is he 'de-hospitalized' or '*home*ized'?"

The Minister gave that one up. Soon afterwards Mr. POOLE referred to a Tory question as "crawling in the gutter," whereupon Earl WINTERTON inquired (a gleam in his eye) whether such an expression was in order—as he would like to employ it in connection with the Government on some future occasion.



"I'd better come back when you've made up your mind."

Mr. Speaker said it was not actually out of order, but was an expression he did not like very much.

The old story of the man who found himself bidding frantically against the parrot he was seeking to buy at an auction was recalled by a question from Lord MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, who asked whether agents of the Scottish Department of Agriculture bid against each other at a recent sheep sale. But the Minister cautiously asked for further details, saying neither Aye nor Nay meantime.

The whole of a long Scottish Question-time was left by Mr. HECTOR MCNEIL, the Secretary for Scotland, to his two able under-secretaries, Miss HERRISON and Mr. TOM FRASER, who certainly cannot complain that their chief has the fault (which some senior Ministers have) of "hogging" Parliamentary time. Both under-secretaries have the manner which turneth away even Opposition wrath, whereas Mr. MCNEIL's sometimes attracteth it—so perhaps it is a good tactical move.

Wednesday, June 21st

House of Commons: Travelogue

It needed only a magic-lantern, and one of those things that click when the next slide is to be shown, to have transformed the House of Commons into a lecture-room this afternoon.

Mr. JOHN STRACHEY and Mr. JAMES GRIFFITHS, fresh back from their adventures in Malaya and stations south, east and west (adventures, as Mr. EDEN remarked, not without their physical, or even political, risks) were due to report. Mr. Speaker adopted the somewhat unusual course of letting them make their statements one after the other, and then allowing supplementary questions on them both. This occasionally had the rather confusing "flash-back" effect of a modern film, and often meant that a questioner would get some minor reply from Mr. G. while major information failed to come from Mr. S. Or (Sir FRANK SOSKICE and King George II permitting) *vice versa*.

However, it was clear from the joint statements that the troops and the planters in Malaya are doing a job of which all might be proud, and that (though it may take a long time) the Communists who are causing trouble there will eventually be defeated and subdued.

Mr. STRACHEY raised cheers when he said that he had no doubt that the Far Eastern Command was a well-found force in respect of weapons, stores and equipment, but that the War Office was working to see that all suggestions for improvements were met speedily.

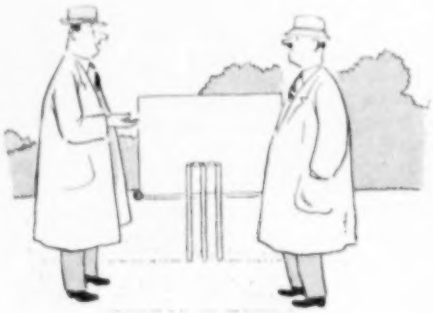
But he caused some sniffs of doubt when he said that of all the dozens of National Servicemen he asked, only two expressed a preference for doing their training at home rather than in the Malayan jungle. Mr. EDEN said drily that when *he* had asked the same question, he had not got the same reply—and gallantly attributed the fact to the sense of discipline of the British soldier, who would give the War Minister a "suitable" reply to a query.

BOOKING OFFICE

Flexible Fiction

LIKE the piano, the story has the great advantage that you can do anything with it. By arranging a sequence of imaginary events in space and time you can attack the Tsarist penal system, analyse the impediments to virtue, get your own back on early acquaintances you have wronged or just produce muscular reactions in your readers, such as raising their hair, tickling their ribs or stimulating their tear-ducts. The story has the malleability of the human race itself and is coeval with it. Fiction has its roots in a rich mulch of legend, popular entertainment and gossip; it springs from a vulgar profusion, and once it has lost touch with it for more than a generation it becomes etiolated and withers. Novels bred from other books can be magnificent, but they have no posterity. It is a solemn thought that Edgar Wallace has probably grandsired more good novels than Henry James—solemn, and possibly true.

Miss Shirley Jackson's *The Lottery* is a collection of dazzling American short stories. They develop from the experiments of the recognized masters of the short story and equally from the efficiency and reader-respect of the commercial magazine. They are both readable and worth reading. The author does not copy the methods of other writers but uses them when she needs. Her originality is pure, not a calculated reaction from fashion but something natural to her eye and voice. She has a very wide range: her funny stories are funny and her uncanny ones are uncanny, and when she explores character it is new character explored in fresh ways. She can be economical and acid, as in "Seven Types of Ambiguity," or leisurely and compassionate, as in "Flower Garden." The blurb ends "Miss Jackson, it is said, is an amateur witch, specializing in black magic on a small scale." I hope she will succeed in keeping the scale small.



"You see these six smooth pebbles? Well, they were once six pieces of jagged rock."

Mr. Francis Scarfe's *Promises* is a first novel which has the impatient faults which first novels should have if they are to be followed by second novels on a rising curve of achievement. Mr. Scarfe is already an experienced writer of poetry and criticism, and he uses words as if he were used to them. The account of a boy's life in a seamen's orphanage has the interest of all deeply-felt descriptions of scenes unfamiliar to the general reader, and has obviously been brooded over for a long time. The later chapters, when the hero gets his first job and develops his love-affair with the heroine, are most successful when the writing most nearly approaches poetry. Some passages rise sheer out of their context and have the authority of a poet commenting on the crises of his own adolescence; but the donkey-work of designing a novel as a whole has either been avoided or, more probably, has overtaxed the author's experience. He has rightly chosen to pour it all out, fresh and hot, without worrying too much about form. The early part, at least, should become a classic of retrospective fiction. One assumes it is autobiographical; if it is not, Mr. Scarfe has great gifts of invention.

A Source of Embarrassment is a re-issue of Miss Mary McCarthy's "Horizon" Prize Novel, originally called "The Oasis." Like some other readers, I was disappointed when I read it first. Perhaps the form of publication, a single number of a magazine, made it more difficult to read than it is in the new format; perhaps I was expecting the wrong things. Anyway, on re-reading I felt it justified every claim made for it. This smooth, deadly account of an American Utopian community is a fiendishly precise description and criticism of the varieties and holders of "advanced" opinion. It has wit, admirable writing, a refusal to be bamboozled which is never obtuse, and plenty of variety in incident and character. It is a little like Mallock's "New Republic," but it does not owe much to any predecessor. Its implications are terrifying, its surface amusing. Here the novel is used perfectly for one of its primary purposes: to illuminate the future by a beam of light thrown on contemporary man.

R. G. G. PRICE

Quest for Stability

On the road that led Mr. A. J. P. Taylor *From Napoleon to Stalin* through European history for the past century and a half the ruts are by now so deep that they are almost impossible to avoid. Many historians make no effort to escape from them and content themselves with comfortably jogging along in their predecessors' tracks. Such safe pedestrian travel is not for Mr. Taylor, who likes to cover long distances at breakneck speed and disdains the pitfalls bestrewing the debatable ground of contemporary history. His wide knowledge,

intuitively shrewd judgment and saltily humorous appraisal of men and events not only enable him to escape from the dangers besetting his path but also give to his essays and reviews a welcome and refreshing pungency. Under Mr. Taylor's skilled manipulation his "pieces" fit together as in a jig-saw puzzle, and thus reveal an inner unity or theme—"the search for stability in an unstable world." A search that has led mankind in what many would call a vicious circle from Alexander's Moscow round to Stalin's.

I. F. D. M.

Rough Shute

Coming from a novelist of Mr. Nevil Shute's skill *A Town Like Alice* is clumsily constructed; its heroine's adventures are reflected by her solicitor in London, a benevolent old gentleman avuncularly in love with her, and this rather awkward device forces unlikely coincidences. But the adventures themselves, though they fall into two unfused halves, are told with remarkable persuasion and economy. The girl leads a ghastly trek (based on fact) of white women and children through Malaya in 1942, finally going native in a kindly village; an Australian soldier is apparently tortured to death by the Japs for helping her; after the war, when she comes into a fortune, she returns to the village with practical gratitude; and finding her Australian has survived she tracks him to the wilds of Queensland, marries him, and by her singular business acumen brings new life to a tiny up-country station. Malaya has lately been as well described, but the picture of remote Australia is fresh and interesting.

E. O. D. K.

A Holding Held

As the novel becomes less imaginative and ceases to offer sanctuary to the escapist its place is largely taken by "fictionized" biography and autobiography. In *Nicolas and Antoinette* Miss Freda Lingstrom works up with unflagging perception and sympathy a true outline of life on a French Alpine farm—the kind of farm that is apt to become supplementary pasture for a valley holding, frequented only during the summer. The Riquets' acres, however, are richly diversified, and on them Antoinette's parents reared eleven children. Ten went away as soon as they grew up. Only the youngest girl and her sturdy husband wanted the land; and to obtain it spent their best ten years in Paris working to pay off the other ten heirs. Nowadays, thanks to M. Renaud, Antoinette's share would have been the larger for staying at home; and the heroic story of the solitary farm and the Parisian exile—mitigated by a glimpse of Sarah Bernhardt—would have been different.

H. P. E.

Uncommon Parlance

Mr. Eric Partridge, that indefatigable explorer of the byways of language, has collected, under the title of *Here, There and Everywhere*—to suggest the diversity and the ubiquity of his wanderings—some sixteen brief papers, each of them in the nature of a footnote or parergon to his longer labours in lexicography and critical analysis. Here, in a manner as lively as it is learned, he once more discourses of the slang of the soldiers of three nationalities and of the crypticisms of the world of crooks; furnishes his own convincing derivation of that much-discussed word "spiv," which many will be surprised to discover is at least half a century old; and introduces us to a queer tongue called *parlyaree*, which the strolling players and cheapjacks of the nineteenth century got mainly from Italian immigrants in a similar line of business. His conjectures concerning the geographical nomenclature of Gulliver and the nonce-words of Lear and Carroll are pleasant exercises in speculative philology.

F. S.

Books Reviewed Above

The Lottery. Shirley Jackson. (Gollancz, 10/6)
Promises. Francis Scarfe. (Heinemann, 10/6)
A Source of Embarrassment. Mary McCarthy. (Heinemann, 7/6)
From Napoleon to Stalin. A. J. P. Taylor. (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6)
A Town Like Alice. Nevil Shute. (Heinemann, 10/6)
Nicolas and Antoinette. Freda Lingstrom. (Allan Wingate, 9/6)
Here, There and Everywhere. Eric Partridge. (Hamish Hamilton, 8/6)

Other Recommended Books

Out of the Square. Peter de Polnay. (Hutchinson, 12/6) Florence; the Piazza of the beggars and cigarette-sellers. Direct and indirect influence of saintly simple-minded beggar girl alters lives of all characters, from buccaneering urchin to rich frustrated visitor. The ends seem too neatly tied, but the threads are entertainingly bright.

Cricket Companions. Alan W. Mitchell. (Laurie, 12/6) The story of the successful New Zealand campaign of 1949 by the tourists' official correspondent. Interesting portraits of stars on and off duty, and a well-balanced though admittedly inexpert commentary on the four drawn Tests.

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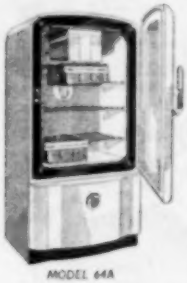

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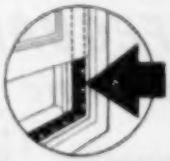

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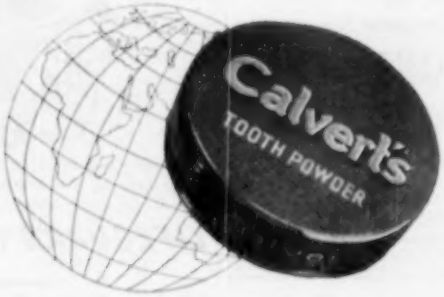
PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

CYS-50



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One of the friendly links with home for many thousands living overseas is the familiar tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder—on sale to-day in almost every country of the world.
For four generations users agree that Calvert's does its job of cleaning supremely well, and very pleasantly too, thanks to a unique flavour. Have you ever tried Calvert's Tooth Powder? You should, and let your teeth show the difference.

Calvert's TOOTH *Powder*

OSMAN Sheets OSMAN Pillowcases

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OSMAN

a name to remember

Look for this sewn-on label OSMAN

96

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Real ORANGE JUICE

3/6 per bottle

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There's a man behind you!

Often in a day you can be sure of that. But can you be sure that your hair pleases him? Men dislike careless curls, or waves that stray. Use gently coaxing Kirbigrips to increase your hair charm—to win you the approval of the critical male!

The good tempered "KIRBIGRIP"

6 Shades 4 Sizes

For all hair styles

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Upstairs and down, inside and out, LIFEGUARD searches out and destroys the germs. Non-poisonous, non-staining and so safe to use, you'll enjoy its clean, refreshing smell. Buy a bottle today. 1/- and 1/9 (double size).

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Ask for Bollé Sun Glasses.

"You will treasure them and be admitted in them"

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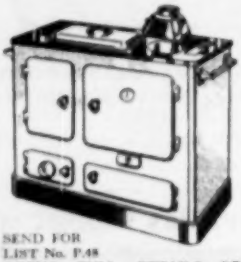

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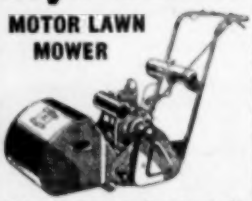

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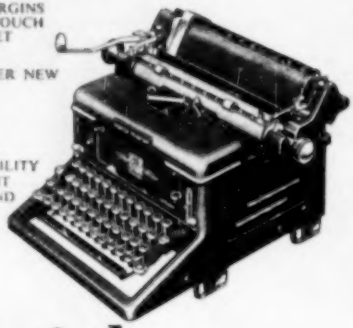

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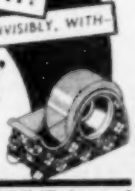

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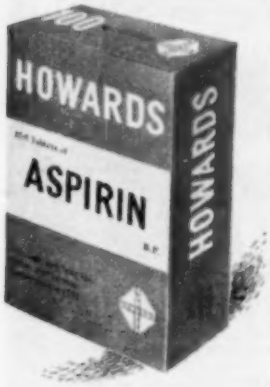

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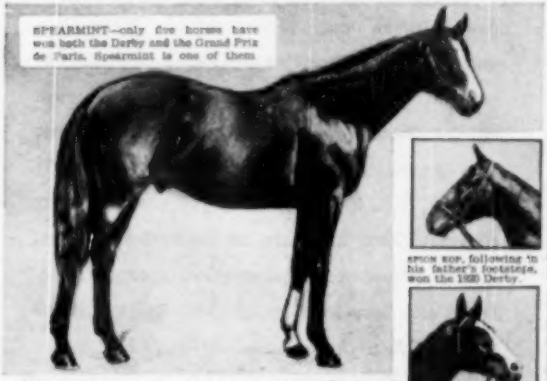

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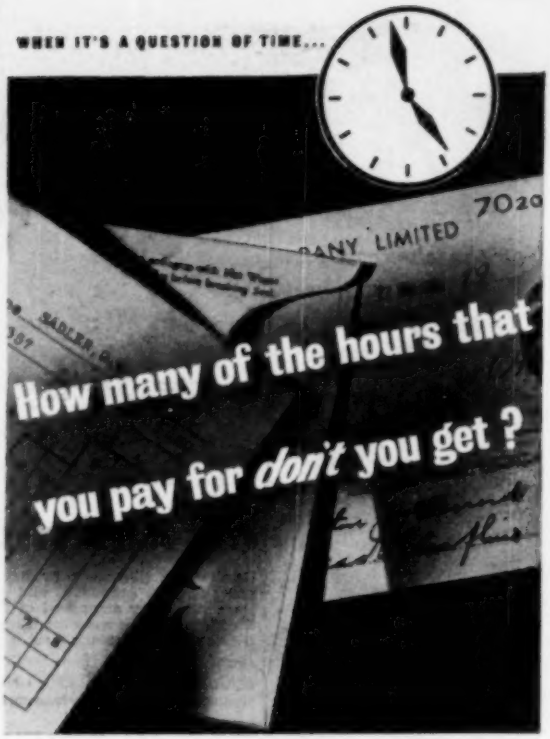

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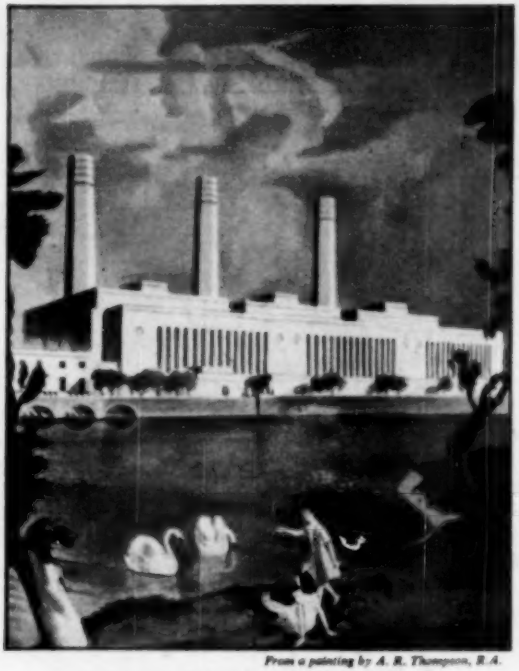

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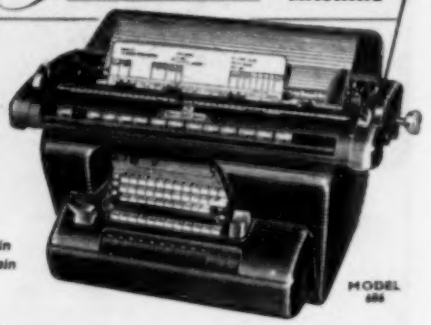

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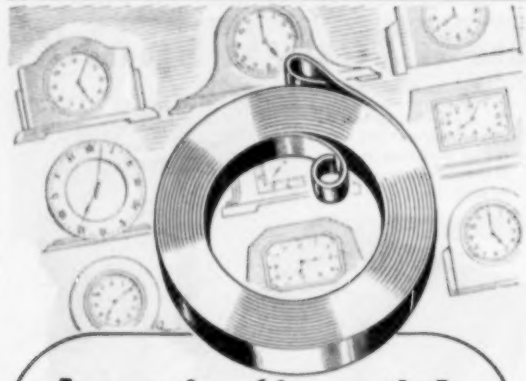

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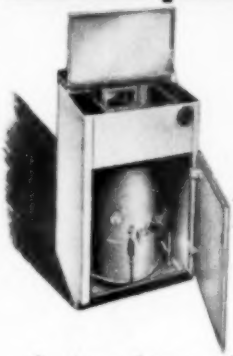

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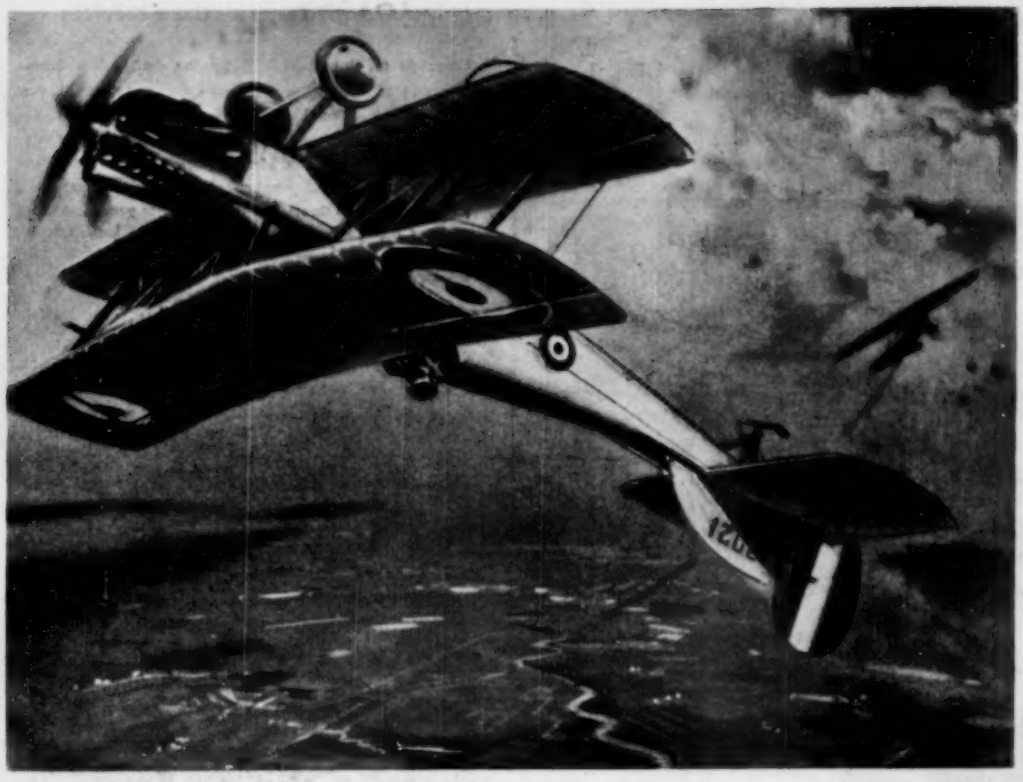

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